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by Kingsley Martin

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An Experiment With Sex

IN future men who want prostitutes will have to find them elsewhere than on our streets. The new Act will conceal rather than reduce the incidence of prostitution and it will probably augment the rackets which flourish on the periphery of commercial vice. It offers dangerous temptations to the police. It is an experiment based on expediency and it outrages many people's sense of justice. Yet this journal accepts it, as the public does, as an experiment in dealing with a problem to which there is no good solution. It will be judged by its results.

Such a mixture of good and evil is inevitable once the state decides to invade the sphere where public decency and private morals cohabit. During the last 150 years a rational view of the limits and direction of such interference has gradually become accepted. Under the pressure of progressive opinion, the state has been persuaded to reinforce religious sanctions by legal penalties over an ever-widening area of human conduct. From factory acts to smoke abatement, a vast body of laws makes it difficult for individuals, however powerful, to reject *all* the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount. Where personal behaviour has grave social consequences, the law must intervene.

Conversely, there is a welcome trend to abolish legal penalties for conduct which, though condemned by religious teaching, is private; that is, where it has no clear public results. We recognise that we now endlessly differ about what constitutes an agreed standard of private morality. The law may compel an adulterer to compensate the injured party, or a seducer to maintain a child born of his act; but it would be ludicrous to punish adultery or fornication as such.

Where public and private morals overlap, however, only the most general principle can be laid down. Clearly, when a practice can be shown to do appreciable harm to a large number of people – as in the case of drug-taking – the state must intervene. But where one or both of these conditions are debatable – as with foxhunting or professional boxing – the libertarian principle usually prevails. Sometimes an agreed balance can be struck by permitting the state to the right of limited interference. Thus it is recognised that, while the state should not prohibit the consumption of alcohol, it may limit its excesses by fiscal and licensing devices.

In the sexual field this balanced intervention is peculiarly hard to achieve. Since the war there has been a widespread attempt to prohibit the open sale of sexual intercourse. In one country after another the brothels have been shut down and now the streets are being cleared. Most people are offended by a too-public parade of commercial vice; so we drive it out of sight. We permit it, only if it is satisfied in reasonable privacy.

Unfortunately, and perhaps partly in response to the public clean-up, there has been a dramatic growth in the secondary forms of commercialised sexual satisfaction. As the prostitutes leave the street, the clip-joints, the pin-up magazines and the sadistic films invade it. Must the state now turn its guns on these and, if so, to what extent? It is a slippery slope; the delicate compromise on which any agreed level of censorship rests is likely to be shaken. And here, even more than in the other cases where the state interferes, we are ignorant. We do not know how far pornography is anti-social. No one has attempted any scientific investigation into the effects of different types of films or magazines. Our discussions are purely subjective and most of our judgments based on prejudice. The law forbids what the consensus of opinion believes will corrupt, but any judge will admit in private that he really knows nothing about it. It is indeed odd that we should have waited until now to establish the first Institute of Criminology in this country; and it is an ironic coincidence that the operation of the Street Offences Act should so nearly coincide with the start of Dr Radzinowicz's work at Cambridge. He and his fellow sociologists are supposed to possess techniques to make an objective assessment of such matters. It will help our problem if this proves to be true. Genuine public concern about the commercial exploitation of sex provides an excellent occasion to start them on their work.

Comments on the Week's News

Grivas the Wrecker

Is there a real danger that the London-Zurich agreements on Cyprus will be overthrown? At first glance, this seems only too possible. In Nicosia, Archbishop Makarios is being ground between the twin millstones of Turkish-Cypriot insistence that their Vice-President be given powers equal to his own, and the Eoka rump, which is now campaigning systematically against the agreements themselves. His position, however, is stronger than it looks. Turkish-Cypriot pressure is almost certainly a bluff; for if Makarios remains firm, and they renounce the settlement, a civil war situation would immediately ensue, and it is unlikely that their community would receive the same measure of support, both from Britain and Turkey, that it enjoyed during the emergency. As for the Eoka intransigents, it is evident both from public demonstrations in favour of Makarios, and from the fact that they distribute their propaganda only by night, that they have little popular following. Indeed, not only the Eoka rank and file but many of its leaders have made it plain that they resent Grivas's criticisms and are determined to make the agreements work. Of course, all this would be changed should Grivas succeed in seizing power in Greece. There is no doubt that the regime there is widely unpopular and he may draw support from many quarters. But it is a significant indication of his weakness that, both in Greece and Cyprus, he is angling for left-wing support. This is unlikely to be granted – indeed, the openly Fascist nature of the regime he envisages, let alone his territorial claims against Albania, make it almost inconceivable.

No Bombs Before the Junket?

Mr Krushchev has recently given a specific assurance that Russia will not be the first to resume nuclear tests. It is hard to see why the United States and Britain cannot make a similar declaration – particularly since neither is likely to hold tests until at least the Krushchev-Eisenhower visits are over. Both, of course, argue that they have always – and with reason – opposed disarmament agreements based solely on promises; that a bilateral assurance of this nature might become a substitute for a watertight inspection and control system; indeed, that its very existence would be a disincentive to negotiating a genuine agreement. All the same, with the present test negotiations still making progress, and with the prospects of a wider *détente* brighter than for some time, it is highly unlikely that the Russians would take the risk of holding a 'pirate' test. For, with modern detection systems, the risk is considerable, and the political penalty the Russians would face if they were caught out incalculable. Moreover, the fact that none of the powers has tested bombs for a considerable time is bound to act as some sort of deterrent on the French, who are becoming increasingly conscious – as M. Debré's latest speech showed – of their international isolation. With tests suspended elsewhere, and faced with growing criticism among the independent African states, it is just possible that the French will hesitate before going ahead with their programme. A further argument in favour of such an Anglo-US declaration is that the Eisenhower-Krushchev talks, though not formal negotiations, are widely expected to speed up the Geneva negotiations. A firm and public decision to continue the suspension until after they are over would set the right atmosphere for these conversations, and involve only negligible risk of giving Russia a military advantage.

The Popkess Case

The Nottingham City Labour Party has managed to save some face in its row with Captain Popkess; its account of the events leading up to the Chief Constable's suspension and subsequent reinstatement, published last Tuesday, suggests fairly convincingly that there has been continuing friction between the Labour-controlled Watch Committee and the Chief Constable; and that Captain Popkess, who is an outstandingly able police officer, is at the same time opinionated and difficult for a Labour council to work with. It is to be hoped that the matter will now be allowed to rest. If the Labour councillors seek to carry their feud any further, they will make fools of themselves. For the fact is that their 'report' establishes nothing which changes the essentials of the case: it offers no convincing evidence that Captain Popkess has been guilty of misconduct or has exceeded his legitimate powers; and it fails completely to refute the Home Secretary's rejection of the formal grounds on which the Council sought to remove the Chief Constable from office. No doubt there have been faults on both sides – and certainly the Labour councillors have had much less than justice from most of the press. But it is also beyond doubt that they were most ill-advised in the method they used to deal with their problem; and the sooner they forget their feud with Captain Popkess (who in any case is almost due to retire), the better for their own prestige. One serious issue, however, is raised by the case and should not be obscured by the Council's ineptness. What ultimate redress has the citizen against wrongs he believes he has suffered at the hands, not of a metropolitan police officer who is under the general authority of the Home Secretary and so ultimately of parliament, but of a provincial Chief Constable, who is appointed by the local authority, but, as the Popkess case shows, not subject to its control? There is, as the *Daily Herald* has cogently argued, much to be said for some form of statutory independent appeal council.

The United Party Split

The resignation of the dissident group of United Party MPs underlines the gloomy truth that the growing weight of white oppression on the non-whites in South Africa – this week's trouble in Natal bears witness to the existing tension – is by no means confined to Dr Verwoerd and his Nationalists. At the Union Congress of the United Party last week, the party refused to extend political rights to the Africans without the support of a decisive majority of the present electorate – an electorate entirely confined to the white minority of the population. The furthest the opposition will go is to suggest that Africans should have not more than eight representatives in the 159-strong House of Assembly, and that only white persons should be eligible for these seats. Moreover, the United Party passed a resolution opposing any further purchase of land for the native reserves. As there are ten million non-Europeans and only three million whites in the country, and as the African reserves consist of only 13 per cent. of the land available, the United Party pretensions to liberalism are now completely exploded. It was this resolution which led to the break-away by the rebel MPs, who recall that in 1936 the Africans were removed from the common roll by General Hertzog on a promise that their land-holding would be greatly increased.

Disturbed Islands

Although most of the news from the Maldive Islands is secondhand, certain conclusions can be reached. The first is that once again the British government is showing its inability to recognise that even small isolated communities can become very angry if they feel that their rights are being arbitrarily over-ridden. Although the final agreement permitting Britain to build an RAF staging post on the island of Gan has not yet been reached, Britain is taking a tough line and still going ahead with its construction. At the same time the Maldivian government has annoyed the inhabitants of Gan by its high-handedness over what they consider to be the heaven-sent opportunity of making money out of the RAF. The government is intelligently anxious about the disruption to social and economic life which so often follows sudden, but temporary, opportunities for comparatively highly paid labour. The people of Gan, seeing opportunity on their door-step, have rebelled against the central government, which believes – however wrongly – that the rebellion is encouraged by the British. This unrest in Gan has led the central government to take the unfortunate action of excluding journalists from the islands. The conference to sort out the relations between Maldivians and Britain, which was due to be held next month in London, has now been turned down by the Maldivians. Unless the UK government ceases its ham-handed attitude and reassures the islanders of its genuine concern to secure their voluntary co-operation, this essential conference is unlikely ever to be convened

Subversion in Southern Rhodesia

Significantly the Southern Rhodesian parliament applauded Sir Edgar Whitehead for announcing that his government was to be so liberal as to publish the findings of the tribunal it had set up itself to inquire into the cases of the Congress detainees. As 32 of the first 35 cases were recommended for continued detention, and two of the remainder for restriction orders, the government's decision is hardly surprising. The tribunal, under the chairmanship of the Acting Chief Justice, consists of officials. It has based its judgment on the finding that the Nyasaland Congress and the Zambia Congress are subversive organisations committed to a policy of violence. Apparently the tribunal either did not read the Devlin report or has not appreciated its findings. For, although the tribunal found that the Southern Rhodesian Congress had set out to excite disobedience and hostility to laws, it did not apparently decide that it was using violence. Only by linking it with the congresses of the other two territories could the implication of violence be sustained; and the Devlin report has virtually invalidated this link. The truth is that the Devlin commission's conclusion that the

Nyasaland government is using its emergency powers to supress a political organisation because of its political policy applies equally to the other territories of central Africa.

A Shock for Lennox-Boyd

Curiously little attention has been attracted by the significant, and perhaps important, action of the Council of State in Kenya in condemning as discriminatory the Kenya government's Legislative Council (Constituency Elected Members) Bill. The Council of State was established by Mr Lennox-Boyd in the 1957 constitution (and opposed by the Africans, who suspected that it was a trap) to pronounce upon all legislation and determine whether it 'differentiated' against any community. If it found differentiation, it could ask for that legislation to be reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure. Ironically, the Council of State has taken Mr Lennox-Boyd at his word. In considering the Legislative Council Bill it has highlighted (in its chairman's words) 'such differences as do exist in methods of application of the franchise to different communities'. Such methods are, of course, part of Mr Lennox-Boyd's constitution and cannot be changed without a fundamental amendment of the constitution as a whole. The Council of State, ignoring that problem, has detailed the extent to which the existing franchise and qualifications for candidature discriminate against Africans, recommended amendments and, above all, advocated that the qualifications now required from African electors and candidates should either apply to all communities or cease to apply at all. The first response of the Kenya government was to refuse to consider any change. But the Council of State, in accordance with its duty, forwarded its findings to the Legislative Council; and the Kenya government has now announced that it is withdrawing the disputed bill, and it now proposes that the Council of State's report should be laid before the constitutional conference which is shortly to be held in Kenya.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Preparing for Ike

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Despite the holiday season, top officials here are busily concerning themselves with arrangements for the next week's visit of President Eisenhower. Jim Hagerty, the President's press chief, and the same squad of detectives who afterwards went on to Paris and London, have been here surveying the scene. Their inspection has revealed how many are the shortcomings of Bonn as a modern capital. First of all, there was the great worry about whether the Cologne-Bonn airfield at Wahn was safe for a Boeing 707. The President's chief pilot, Colonel Draper, fortunately found it satisfactory. But Hagerty soon realised that the press would require far better facilities than the airfield offered. Those 80 correspondents from the US who would be arriving by another Boeing an hour and a half before Ike would want to rush immediately to the telephone to tell Washington and Los Angeles of his arrival. This could be done from London or Idlewild airfields, but not from Wahn, which has only one telephone exchange – at nearby Porz. All this and many other administrative details the German officials must see to before 'the day'.

The politicians are meanwhile offering their interpretations of what will be discussed. To judge from the press here, it would seem as if the only thing that matters is what Adenauer will tell the President. There is a story (no doubt apocryphal) that when an official of the foreign office here offered Adenauer some memoranda which might be worth studying in view of the coming visit, the Chancellor replied he did not need them – he knew what he had to say. The main point of this is, of course, that so many Germans think that Adenauer has already decided about the problems facing this country and the West today, and only wants to 'prepare' Eisenhower for his dealings with Krushchev. Gradually, it has, however, dawned upon the Germans that in Washington they are seriously concerned about 'how to get off the dime', and that Eisenhower wants to use his remaining period of office to try to get East-West peace. The two statesmen who will meet here are both preparing to face the harsh judgment of history.

Adenauer is unlikely to go further on the question of the recognition of Poland. It is now four years since this matter was mooted, but it has always been postponed with the answer: 'Yes, but not just now'. There seems to be no clear idea in official circles here what should be done after such a move. Naturally, it is realised this would open the doors to recognition by neutral states of the Communist regime in East Germany. Even those Germans who want understanding with Poland seem inwardly fearful of what such a gust of new possibilities will blow in. They know that the Federal Republic's refusal to acknowledge the existence of the DDR is untenable, but they have not thought out a practical foreign policy for two Germanys. If, therefore, Adenauer is prepared to make any concessions to Eisenhower, it will probably be over West German rearmament – within some comprehensive disarmament settlement for central Europe – and not over issues like the recognition of Poland, the Oder-Neisse Line, or the DDR.

Washington

The Two Pretenders

The excitement over the Eisenhower-Krushchev exchange of visits has obscured an important development in domestic politics. This is the emergence of Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York as a virtually certain candidate against Vice-President Nixon for the Republican Party's 1960 presidential nomination. This development foreshadows an intense, far-reaching struggle for party control comparable to the Eisenhower-Taft battle of 1952.

At the Governors' Conference in San Juan, Puerto Rico, earlier this month, Governor Rockefeller informed political reporters that he would make his final decision about seeking the presidency around 1 November. If the public opinion polls during October show Nixon running behind the principal Democratic contenders, such as Adlai Stevenson or Senator Kennedy, Rockefeller indicated he would enter the fray. He would base his pre-convention candidacy on the expedient argument that 'Nixon can't win' the election. This was the same slogan which the Eisenhower forces used with such devastating effect against the late Senator Taft seven years ago. Nixon, upon his return from his triumphal visit to Russia and Poland, promptly let it be known, through a friendly journalist, that he has expected all along that Rockefeller would oppose him. He is reported as saying that any politician can always interpret the opinion polls to suit himself, which is undoubtedly true, and that Rockefeller therefore is sure to conclude that the October polls, whatever they show, are encouraging. Nixon professes to be confident. He is going on holiday in October in a massive show of unconcern.

Rockefeller's public demeanour certainly suggests that Nixon's guess is correct and that by 1 November the polls will be only a formality. The New York Governor conducts himself like a man who cannot wait to plunge into an active campaign. He has a gusto for campaigning that is the envy of many more seasoned politicians, including Nixon himself. Rockefeller, although a new governor, was the star of the governors' conference, the meeting of the 50 state chief executives held once a year for three days ostensibly to discuss common governmental problems but actually to devote themselves in considerable part to discreet political conversations. His press conference was the most heavily attended; he gave the most lavish party for his fellow governors and the press; and by force of personality and excellent staff work, he became the *de facto* leader of the Republican governors during the formal sessions.

The opening stage of the Rockefeller campaign this autumn is not likely to emphasise handshaking, speechmaking, or the diligent practice of the other familiar rituals of a political tour. Aside from a few major speeches, Rockefeller and his aides are expected to concentrate on persuading the state chairmen and lesser party officials, the principal money-raisers, and the politically influential businessmen in the various states that he, and not Nixon, offers the better chance of victory. The New York governor has immense resources to bring to bear in this kind of friendly persuasion. Through the Standard Oil Company, the Chase Manhattan Bank, and other businesses controlled directly or indirectly by his family, he has entrée into the business community in every large state. And in the Republican Party, the wishes of the business community are usually decisive in pre-convention manoeuvring. Vice-President Nixon is unquestionably the favourite of the professional politicians because he has done so much intensive campaigning for the party in each election for the last seven years. If the lawyers, bankers, oil men, and other business figures begin to bring pressure on behalf of Rockfeller, however, Nixon may find much of his support in the state party organisations suddenly slipping away.

The prospective Eisenhower-Krushchev talks have not only diverted attention from the beginning of this Rockefeller drive but they will also have an important effect on its success or failure. Vice-President Nixon's trip to Russia and Poland has caused his popularity to rise spectacularly in the public opinion polls. He has become linked in the public mind with the new departure in foreign policy symbolised by the Eisenhower-Krushchev talks. If those talks are successful, that will resound to his political benefit. Governor Rockefeller is privately of the view that while the talks are worth holding, they will not decisively alter the world stalemate. If his view is correct, Nixon's present advantages will prove to be only ephemeral.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

A Rap for the Bankers

THE Radcliffe Committee has been examining the working of our monetary system for more than two years. And though its three volumes of evidence – stuff for more than a generation of academic lectures – will not be published until later this year, the report itself is a long and complex analysis of post-war financial policy. It makes a striking contrast with its predecessor, produced by the Macmillan Committee at the height of the 1931 crisis, which provoked a range of dissenting arguments – among them a statement by Keynes which anticipated his *General Theory*. For the members of the Radcliffe Committee are unanimous, and its authors seem to have made their compromises to secure unanimity.

They have not, it is true, been mealy-mouthed. The discount houses especially come in for some very plain speaking. But they often show a well-mannered preference for vagueness; throughout the report there is a conscious striving for the impression of balance, and its concluding chapter self-consciously abandons any attempt to list recommendations. Nobody is given any good reason to be annoyed, though many people in the City will be, and no rider of economic hobby-horses is given much excuse for satisfaction. This line of approach has its advantages: the very moderation of the recommendations made by the Committee will make it difficult for the 'authorities' to resist them. Yet they will resist, and their most obvious course is to dismiss the report as unexciting and therefore unimportant.

This course, thanks partly to the academic interest which the report will rouse, is barred. The Radcliffe Committee has now approved in Stationery Office print a fact which has been unofficially accepted for long past – that the nostalgic hopes pinned on monetary policy in 1951 have gradually faded and that the time has come for a new, less colourful but more realistic approach towards the problems of economic control.

In the years immediately after the war, political prejudices aside, the needs for reconstruction and the legacy of liquidity ruled out recourse to monetary policies, but by the early 1950s international interest was beginning to revive; in this country, monetary policy became overnight an essential ingredient of Conservative Freedom, a Butler-boy gimmick conveniently harking back to the good old days when the Bank of England ruled the world. Circumstances, of course, had changed, and the political apologists worked hard to adapt their old theories. But in the end the 'authorities' themselves were gradually forced to admit that things were not what they used to be.

The Radcliffe Committee, with the advantage of hindsight, has read the lesson of the past eight years out loud and put monetary policy where it belongs – in the ranks. What happened in the 1950s 'is far removed from the smooth and widespread adjustment sometimes claimed as the virtue of monetary actions; this is no gentle hand on the steering wheel that keeps a well-driven car in its right place on the road'. Again: 'monetary measures by their nature are incapable by themselves of having an effect sufficiently prompt and far-reaching for their purpose, unless applied with a vigour that itself creates a major emergency'.

What, then, is the alternative to monetary policy? The Committee, in its closing remarks, suggests that 'those responsible should avoid partisanship in advocating the merits of any one form of control at the expense of another'. It seems fair to point out that the 'doctrinal preference' which it rejects is implicit in its own terms of reference – terms, it feels, which exclude it from evaluating the advantages or disadvantages of direct controls and fiscal measures and from considering the extent to which these might be used to supplement, or substitute for monetary action. Yet the Committee does go on briefly to consider these alternatives and to suggest that their use might sometimes be preferable to reliance on monetary policy alone. 'The community', it suggests, 'has to make up its mind to use in combination, and probably with changing degree of emphasis, three groups of measures all of which have substantial disadvantages.'

The corollary which the Committee goes on to draw is that more reliance could be placed on monetary measures, which tend to act slowly, if economic diagnosis could be made more promptly and more accurately. Yet it makes no secret of its opinion that the information on which such a diagnosis must rest, and which only the Bank of England is in a position to provide, has not hitherto been available. Criticism of the Bank, sometimes more, sometimes less explicit, is one of the threads running through the report. The Committee, for example, excuses the fact that its review of monetary policy in the 1950s is tentative by pointing out that most of the evidence about the effect of different measures is 'impressionistic': the Bank is accordingly charged with the job of conducting a continuous study into the effect of monetary measures.

In the section on statistical information it is mildly suggested that there is more scope for comment by the Bank, particularly on subjects – such as exchange control, and the effect of 'leads and lags' – on which it is the only possible source of facts. The report tartly comments that 'we find it difficult to believe that the Bank of England is so differently placed from the central banks of other countries that there should be such a wide disparity in the volume of printed comment for which they make themselves responsible.'

The Committee's other recommendations about the Bank develop this same line of thought. It should have an active economic intelligence section, the head of which should be an executive director – a harmless-seeming proposal which will be violently resisted. There should be an interfusion, so far as is practicable, of new blood from the Treasury and from the universities – a suggestion which will be resisted even more violently. And there should be a standing committee on

'Well . . . I've cleaned up the streets'

monetary policy, on which the Chancellor would be matched by the Governor and Deputy Governor but on which the two Bank representatives (presumably full-time directors) would be outmatched by four representatives of the Treasury and two from the Board of Trade. Part-time directors could then be tolerated, since they need not be embarrassed with secrets.

The insistence that the Bank should not be allowed even the appearance of independence is only one variation on a theme which runs significantly through this report – that monetary policy is a minor thread in the skein of economic policy. It has a limited use; if used at all, it should be directed by politicians. Money is too serious a matter to be left to the bankers.

The McMahon Line

BADGERED by his enemies of the right-wing Jan Sangh and the pseudo-left-wing Socialists, Mr Nehru won applause from all parties in the Lok Sabha last week by repeating that the Indian government regarded the McMahon Line as India's firm northern frontier which it would defend at all costs. He added that Chou En-lai had given him the impression that he accepted this frontier with one or two small modifications. There were merely a few small areas in that line, or elsewhere in the frontier, where some arguments of detail had occasionally arisen; on these, discussions would continue without affecting the main part of the McMahon Line. As to rumours which he had heard of Communist speeches in Lhasa threatening the security of Sikkim, Bhutan, Nepal and Ladakh, he had not found any evidence to support them. There were large Chinese forces in Tibet; they had come there during the rebellion, but he did not think that Chinese forces were concentrated on India's frontiers.

The McMahon Line is a good general test of the sincerity of Chou En-lai's expressions of friendship. It can be raised as an argument if Peking wishes, or it can be used as a final guarantee of peace if that is Chou En-lai's mood. The McMahon Line was marked out on a map by the British plenipotentiary to the Simla Conference in 1913-1914. Extending for 850 miles from the west end of Bhutan into Upper Burma, it runs along a little known and largely inaccessible mountain range. (On the accompanying map it is the eastern part of this 'undemarcated' frontier.) It was selected arbitrarily on the basis that it stood back about a hundred miles from the plains of India.

The persistent parliamentary questions, the headlines, the venom of *The Times of India* and some other newspapers, are not stimulated by any present menace, but by the desire of the Prime Minister's enemies to make the most of his very real anxieties. China has certainly given them their chance. The thousands of Tibetan refugees now in India have told stories, probably exaggerated but no doubt basically true, of Chinese violence in colonising their country; the complaints of Indian subjects still in Tibet, the failure of the Chinese to reply to Nehru's repeated protests about Chinese maps which show bits of Indian territory as Chinese, the charges in the Chinese press of 'Indian imperialism' – all these have ended the 'Bandung period' of relations between the two countries. Those who both fear Communist China and want to discredit Nehru can ask with disagreeable force whether China is really observing the 'five principles of co-existence' or whether Nehru has been cozened by Chou En-lai.

The explorations of the two previous years had given Sir Charles Bell, Britain's adviser at the Simla Conference, sufficient information to identify the boundary line in general terms. It was not defined in precise geographical terms, but Bell drew on a map a thick red line, and this was subsequently agreed to with small modifications by the Tibetan delegate, Prime Minister Sha-tra. The Chinese representative first initialled the Simla Convention, which carried the map accepting this rough line as the Indo-Tibetan boundary. Two days later, however, the Chinese government told its representative that he must not proceed to a formal signature.

The McMahon Line has never been demarcated on the ground, but it has remained the frontier which India inherited from Britain in 1947. Thus, if Chou En-lai wishes to increase tension in India and to aid those who fear China and want to embarrass Nehru, he can declare that this line is an inheritance from British imperialism. If his object is to continue the present gigantic development of China while remaining on good terms with a non-committed India, then he can agree with Nehru on the wisdom of broadly accepting the McMahon Line and be content with the minor adjustments which Nehru has already mentioned.

Whose Fish?

WHAT Iceland demands is not an extension of her territorial waters, but exclusive fishing rights up to 12 miles. The distinction is important. An extension of fishing limits does not interfere with the free passage of ships of all nations. The 12-mile fishing limit is demanded by every Icelander. Mr Thors, the ebullient ex-premier of the Independent (Conservative) party, was responsible for introducing the four-mile limit in 1952: he is on this matter as tough as leaders of the Progressive Party or Mr Josepsson, the Communist ex-Minister of Fisheries, or the present Premier and his Social Democratic colleagues. On this, the 170,000 people of Iceland agree, irrespective of party. Their standard of living depends on the fish which the Gulf Stream wafts up to them with such prodigality. Their only other important asset is abundant water power. If they maintain their fish exports (plus some useful borrowing from America and other countries), they will be able to develop other industries with the help of the electricity their mountain streams create. Their progress in harnessing their water power is already impressive. They talk about an aluminium industry in the future and are not at all troubled by their present soaring inflation.

Iceland's prosperity is new, but could easily be temporary. This made the British ambassador's cracks about Iceland as a rich country now bullying poor little Britain seem not very funny, and rather offensive. On my recent visit, I made a friend, now prosperous, who was brought up in a very poor fishing family. As a child he had never seen a wheel or had enough to eat. I heard of one area where many people have probably still never seen a wheeled vehicle, because they are completely cut off by glaciers. They have nothing but sheep and turf, but are now comparatively prosperous because their wants are supplied by plane; and in Reykjavik they find a good market for their sheep, which are also carried there by air. Indirectly, their new prosperity depends, like everything else in Iceland, on the export of frozen fish. I visited a highly efficient modern freezing plant where filleted fish was being packed into large, rather unappetising-looking parcels for the Soviet Union – and into smaller attractive packages for the American market. A high proportion of Iceland's fresh fish used to come to England; but Iceland diverted her trade, mainly to the Soviet Union, as a result of the British fishing industry's boycott when Iceland won her four-mile limit in 1952.

Though they are doing very well now, those who run Iceland's frozen-fish industry talk in gloomy terms about the future if the invaluable breeding grounds off Iceland's coast are not safeguarded. Far to the north, herrings have this year been plentiful, but they are always an uncertain catch. Plaice and halibut have clearly been 'over-fished', and the trawlers report that a great increase of time and labour is now needed to bring back the same rich harvest of 'red fish' from the Greenland and Newfoundland coasts. In these waters there is now far more competition, particularly from the Russians, who are developing a vast, very up-to-date fishing fleet. The British have never built these deep-sea trawlers, which is why Fleetwood and Grimsby make such a fuss about fishing in Icelandic waters.

The Icelanders certainly have some reason for alarm about their future livelihood. Excellent years followed after the war respite, but during the last three years there has again been an indisputable decline. If the fishing were all done by

line and large-mesh nets there would be nothing to worry about. But trawlers dredge the bottom of the sea, carrying away with them the spawn and small fish, and thus swiftly destroy the breeding grounds. The Icelanders themselves explain that they do not intend to allow their own trawlers freedom to deplete their stocks. They put it like this: '40 trawlers fishing in certain areas at certain times inside the fishery limits is, of course, something quite different from hundreds of trawlers having unlimited access to the waters in question. Besides, Iceland can at any time prohibit her trawlers from fishing inside the limits if it is necessary'. They add that the extension of their limit from three miles to four immediately increased the amount of fish available for everyone on the high seas; how much more would all the fishing countries benefit if the fish were allowed freely to breed inside the 12-mile limit?

In view of Iceland's dependence on fish and the obvious advantages to everyone of conserving breeding grounds, it is not surprising that, at the Geneva Conference, the Canadian delegation obtained a majority – but not the necessary two-thirds majority – for a proposal which amounted to a 12-mile contiguous zone for fisheries, while the conference accepted a South African resolution supporting the position of countries (i.e., Iceland) 'where people are overwhelmingly dependent on coastal fisheries for their livelihood or economic developments'. The United States made a compromise proposal which would have given the Icelanders an exclusive six miles, plus another six miles which would be nominally theirs, but which made such large and permanent exceptions for the benefit of other fishing nations that the Icelanders declared that they were being offered 'six plus six minus six'.

Lobbying for the next Geneva Conference in the spring is now busily proceeding in a number of capitals. The weakest point in the Icelandic case is that they admit the 12-mile limit will not satisfy them. They will ask for the 'continental shelf', which in the case of Iceland means about 16 miles. They can cite the examples of South American and Arab states which, in their effort to prevent unrestricted American oil borings off their coasts, demand rights over a much more distant continental shelf. This is what the British fear. If unilateral extensions are once admitted, what is to check anarchy on the high seas? It is no doubt true that the 'freedom of the seas' was decreed by the British in the first place for their own interests, but it is nevertheless a necessary concept which is of advantage to every nation.

To the non-expert it seems clear that Britain should begin by admitting the dangers of unlimited fishing in all these northern waters and accept the 12-mile rule for fisheries, which is already adopted by an impressive large number of nations. We should then seek a convention, which would have such force as international law ever has, about the conservance of the special breeding grounds for fish. Here we might find the Icelanders much more amenable than the present tone of controversy suggests. The Icelandic Premier and other ministers could not (especially with elections in the offing) pledge themselves not to demand the continental shelf. But they were very explicit that while they regarded the unilateral demand for a 12-mile limit as a legal right, the continental shelf was in quite a different category. It could only be claimed as part of international negotiation.

It must be remembered, too, that Iceland's anxiety to reach terms with Britain is sincere and that it has behind it at least one hard economic factor. They have doubts about the security of their large market in Russia, and there are limits to their exports of the best fish to the United States and other countries. Their up-to-date freezing plants have no parallel in England, and they believe that the British housewife would appreciate their finest fillets. They would feel far safer if they could regain some of the British market and thereby also restore their general trade with us. Moreover, they are really concerned to preserve the breeding grounds, and in previous efforts to do so they have found the British unco-operative. The British have always regarded conservancy as a matter of equipment, that is, of limiting the gear of trawlers; Icelanders believe it must include restriction of fishing in special areas.

Clearly the problem of conserving the breeding grounds is the concern of every nation. With the world's population increasing at dangerous speed, and people everywhere demanding a high standard of living, an international agreement is merely common sense. To the non-expert it would seem possible to reach such a convention, provided we put aside our national tempers and realise that fish, like other natural food, is everyone's concern.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

WITH Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan off to Moscow for a chat with Mr Krushchev, Mr Macmillan has decided to give the TV audience a chance to eavesdrop on his conversation with President Eisenhower. It is, of course, grossly unfair to suggest that either visit has anything to do with the general election. Each is simply a routine programme in the series *Criss Cross Quiz*.

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'Cleaning up the streets' will do nothing to diminish the prison population – which would have been one result of carrying out the Wolfenden recommendations about homosexuals. Here Mr Butler's failure is sheer electoral cowardice. With public opinion, including the churches, more than half persuaded, this government with a safe majority could have easily done what all informed people knew should be done. We are told that three in a cell is the undesirable rule in our overcrowded prisons; three, not two, because a third man is supposed to rule out homosexual practices. I am told that in fact it does nothing of the sort, and that the position of the third prisoner who is probably not a queer, with two others who are, is now really loathsome. It would in fact be difficult to imagine a more subtle way of encouraging homosexuality and inflicting the maximum discomfort on a normal individual. The solution is to end the absurdity of imprisoning 'consenting adults'.

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Those who want to understand the subject should read Dr Chesser's clear and authoritative exposition, *Odd Man Out* (Gollancz, 12s 6d) and also publications of the Homosexual Law Reform Society (32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1). Their pamphlet *Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality* is expert, reasonable and unsentimental. The problem affects a much larger percentage of our population than most people realise. There are apparently a million male homosexuals. I suggest, as a good way of exposing the idiocy of our present law, that we should promulgate another law making prison the punishment for the apparently similar number of lesbians who don't seem, because we don't punish them, to be anything but useful members of society and who are not specially mixed up with espionage, blackmail, or other criminal activities. Because the Wolfenden Report has been so explicit and has won so large a measure of support in the most conservative quarters, including both the Law and the Church, the behaviour of the courts towards homosexuals has become positively eccentric. Last December, for instance, 17 men in Northern Ireland between 27 and 60 years old, most of them married men with families, were convicted (seven of them sent to prison) of homosexual offences. The case against them seems to have been mainly built on a 'chain reaction' of voluntary confession. A month later, the Judge at the Appelby Assizes discharged 12 out of 13 men accused of similar offences, expressing dislike of a prosecution case built on a chain reaction of voluntary statements; while in May, to take another example, the Judge at the Berkshire Assizes refused to imprison five homosexuals who, he said, had not outraged public decency but only offended 'private morality – a sphere in which the criminal law can only move within very small limits'. In the same month at the Old Bailey, the Judge said that he appreciated that two men who lived together and confessed to buggery were both of good character, could not help their homosexual tendencies and had caused no affront to public decency. Consequently he would deal with them 'as leniently as possible' – which turned out to mean nine months in jail! To which I should add that a number of suicides occur each year merely because of the stigma attached to a homosexual charge and that this is the one example of an offence in which the man who reports blackmail is apt to receive a more severe sentence than the blackmailer.

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The West London magistrate's very sensible remarks on law and morality, when he 'made an order of absolute discharge' in the case of the man who had 'importuned' women for 'an immoral purpose', led most of the newspapers to report him as having decided that this particular charge had no application to men soliciting women. In fact he recorded a conviction. Reporters have now had more than ten years in which to get used to the confusing language of Section 7 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, which enables a magistrate, on convicting an offender who doesn't seem to him to merit punishment, to discharge him either 'absolutely' or 'conditionally'. In the latter case the usual condition is that he shall commit no further offence for a year; but even in the case of 'absolute' discharge the defendant is a convicted person. If a magistrate finds anyone 'not guilty' he usually says that 'the charge (or the case) is dismissed'. It's odd that this should sound less exculpatory than an absolute discharge. There can be no doubt that this 'importuning' provision, first enacted in 1898, was intended to deal with men importuning men. The fact that it carries a two-year penalty, as compared with the three months even now considered right for the hardened prostitute, makes it an unsuitable charge for these cases. Why not a charge of 'insulting behaviour' under the Public Order Act, 1936, which also prescribes a three months' maximum?

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According to the *Sunday Times*, a public opinion survey in Germany shows a sharp switch in favour of rearmament. How could it be otherwise? Immediately after the war we executed the chief Nazi war heroes and tried to exclude militarists from the teaching and other professions; day and night we drummed into the Germans that they were very wicked people who had, un-

like the rest of us, a congenital liking for strutting about in uniforms and being important and conquering their neighbours. Then, suddenly, the allies decided that the Germans must be rearmed; their former vices suddenly became virtues. 'Do we really need people to teach us to be militarists?' I was asked in Berlin. Once again propaganda panders to original sin and produces its inevitable result. An interesting query is whether the Japanese also imbibed the lesson that militarism is virtuous in an ally and vice in an enemy – especially if he has been defeated. An expert on Japan, now in this country, says that there is as yet no sign of a similar switch in Japan. Nor, I gather, does he believe there ever will be. Victims of the most intense nationalist propaganda after the Shinto revolution in the last quarter of the 19th century, the Japanese became docile cannon fodder. Have they, unlike an increasing number of Germans (for there are still many pacifists there, too), become permanently pacifist? I should like to think so. I have nagging doubts. On my only visit to Japan I felt always that this polite, friendly and supposedly democratic people (for had not MacArthur told them to be democrats?) were only talking western language with what, if I may use the expression, the front of their minds. Behind, there was a large, still-vacant space, capable, it seemed to me, of responding to any propaganda that was really Japanese.

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I was at first surprised to see that the new Swantatra Party in India was supported by two such opposite personalities as Rajagopalachari and M. R. Masani. Masani, once a leftist, has long been one of the outstanding spokesmen of Indian big business and what one might call a professional anti-Communist. Rajagi (as people often abbreviate his name) I have known since I stayed with him when he was Governor of Bengal, just before Gandhi's assassination. He succeeded Mountbatten as Governor-General of India. He is one of the cleverest and most likeable of living Indians. Now an old man, he lives in Madras and talks, with all the irresponsible wisdom and folly of a seer, about banning the H-bomb, prohibition and other topics. He is a conservative of an old-fashioned type and has, I gather, rather reluctantly, teamed up with Masani. Their bond is anti-Communism. This new conservative party differs from other rightist parties such as the Muslim League, the Hindu Masahba, the Jan Sangh and the Akali Dal of the Sikhs in being a secular, not a communal party. Its agricultural policy is aimed against Nehru's efforts to promote village co-operation. As has often happened before, Nehru has been forced by the anti-Socialist forces in Congress to whittle away his co-operative programme; it never had anything to do with 'collective agriculture'. As Nehru now explains it, it is totally inadequate even to begin the agrarian revolution which is essential if India is ever to have enough to eat. Most Indian peasants are still unemployed for about two-thirds of the year, and India's food deficit is actually increasing as the population mounts. Yet Rajagi talks of the danger of 'the Congress becoming Communist'. The Swantatra Party can only foster Communism.

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I liked Dean Jolly's comment on the 4½-minute sermon he preached before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. According to the *Vancouver Province* he explained that his sermon 'was designed to match the holiday mood of the royal couple. It was reflective but did not demand much thought'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

How can I get to meet one of those grubby, ill-looking girls who wear cotton trousers and their hair all over their faces? I feel she would help to make my life less humdrum while I am learning to be a chartered accountant. – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Harry Newby.)

The number of people who have been bitten by bats must be so few that it has occurred to me that a 'Bitten by Bat Society' might be formed. – Letter in *News Chronicle*. (D. R. Rees.)

Thousands of people go to the National Gallery and other picture galleries to view art. I am content to open my *Daily Mail* and look at masterpieces combined with humour by Emmwood, Illingworth, and Chrys. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (Shirley Brewer.)

A Postcript to Casement

Now that the genuineness of the Casement diaries has been established beyond all reasonable doubt (the dissipation of unreasonable doubt will take a little longer), we can take a look at the human being at the centre of this extraordinary episode. Here by a strange political accident we have open to scrutiny a unique revelation of a warped man's nature. It will be a pity if it is not used for something better than scandal and recrimination.

An initial difficulty in understanding Casement lies in the form of the diaries themselves. As René McColl has pointed out in his study of Casement, the man was an obsessional writer who had to put everything down on paper. He felt obliged to keep detailed records simultaneously on three different levels – official, financial and personal. Even when he started with these three strands clearly distinguished at the beginning of a year, they soon became hopelessly entangled. Great chunks of reports on consular activities find their way into the personal diary. The 1911 ledger, for instance, takes over for months from the lurid personal diary for that year: fantastically detailed accounts of expenditure, such as I have never seen since I made a collection of scribblings in a mental hospital, crawl all over the pages. Always the style of writing is as arid as a dust-bowl, however exciting or emotional the theme: purchasers of *The Black Diaries* are in for a bad shock, not of the kind they paid for.

The most powerful impression that this collection of musty little volumes in their faded green box makes on the determined reader is that Casement's mental problem went far deeper than its homosexual manifestations. His life would have been a tragedy even if the objects of his attraction had been women not men. For he was not only incapable of normal love relations with a woman; he was incapable, except in the most transient way, of forming any adult sexual relations at all. How and why this deficiency occurred is not revealed or even hinted at in Casement's recorded story; but that is how one finds him.

The term 'immaturity' has become a tiresome word in psychology, and is commonly used to excuse any conduct which the writer cannot defend. But it rises unbidden to the mind in reading Casement's records. Here was a man full of affection and good will to members of his family, with a huge circle of men and women friends who took warm pleasure in his company. His honest and uncomplicated devotion to children up to the age of puberty was one of the reasons why those who knew him well so confidently rejected the charges against him. His hatred of cruelty and oppression, his resentment of colour prejudice, were far in advance of the general standards of his day and came straight from the heart. Yet he never showed the slightest evidence either in his writings or his recorded actions of normal attraction to a woman or girl; and towards grown men and adolescents his sexual reactions were almost infantile.

A great proportion of the obscenities in the diaries are monotonous recordings of the physical characteristics he observed in passing strangers – with a pathetic and wistfully expressed pleasure if one of them smiled at him. The catalogue goes on day after day, year after year, and seems about as emotionally gratifying as the small boy's habit of jotting down the makes and numbers of motor cars seen on the way to school. Even Casement's actual physical contacts are emotionally detached; a mild regret at parting jostles on the page an eager welcome to a new 'beautiful'.

The two exceptions to this are his friend 'M' in Belfast (whose name is printed in *The Black Diaries*, but who has fortunately never been publicly identified) and the Norwegian sailor Christensen, a male prostitute wanted by the police, whom Casement took from New York to Berlin. But M fades out and was never a continuous companion, while the Christensen affair ended in a squalid disillusion after a few months. What a barren emotional harvest for a lifetime.

Looking at the situation from Casement's point of view, that of a man beset with abnormal compulsive feelings which strengthened with the years, one is struck by the degree to which his fellow human beings failed him. The abject horror with which his affliction was regarded kept him from confiding even in his most loving friends, Richard Morton, the Cadburys or Gertrude Banister. Even when the crisis came, he was unable to secure the relief of open acknowledgment – for that would have injured so terribly the cause of Ireland – and his friends could offer only an obstinate disbelief.

The progressive hold that Casement's sexual obsessions gained over him is illustrated very clearly in the surviving diaries – though as a clinical history these have infuriating gaps. If in 1903 he could have been encouraged to face his conduct squarely, to talk his position over with decent friends, to consult a sympathetic doctor, it might still have been possible to steer his development on to normal lines. He could at least have eased the tension of secrecy and fear which must have been a canker in his life. That he had good reason, as things were then, to guard his secret is shown by the shabby last-minute defections he suffered when the truth came out at a moment of bitter need.

The contents of the 1911 diary, which have now been revealed for the first time, throw a deplorable light on the part that a professedly Christian society played in Casement's life. The entries are as morbid, as physically repulsive and as clear a sign of disease as an attack of dysentry. One would almost conclude that the writer had passed over the border line into a definite psychosis if one did not find, mixed up with the hysterical account of his dealings with the sweepings of a South American port, acute and sympathetic conversations with Dr Dickey, who was supplying the badly wanted evidence against Normand and the other scoundrels Casement was trying to remove.

I cannot ascertain for certain whether it was

these pages which were photographed and used for propaganda by Lord Birkenhead. If so, his decision to offer the diaries to Serjeant Sullivan as a possible basis for a defence plea of insanity becomes comprehensible. Serjeant Sullivan at the time thought the offer was a trap to get the diaries before the court so that the Crown could cross-examine on them. I have now formed the opinion that it may well have been a genuine offer; but acceptance was in any case too great a risk, as the jury would probably have taken a very different view. What is still not comprehensible is that a bishop and other leaders of Christian communities should withdraw their hands from a man in such dire need of mental and moral aid. The priests at Pentonville knew better and brought him a brief measure of peace.

The psychiatric approach to anti-social offences has often been unwise or misused so as to blur the edges of moral issues, to substitute a will-o'-the-wisp for a lighthouse. But consider the blank wall of hostility and ignorance which Casement faced all his adult life, and let us be thankful that some effort is being made to breach it. The diaries will help this effort. The unknown hero who handed those famous typed copies to Mr Singleton Gates, and so forced Mr Butler's hand, may have done a good job after all.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

A Question of Dignity

MAKING concessions to Welsh national sentiment is a chancy business, and it's hard on the Labour Party when, after all its heart-searching and wilful suspension of doubts, it announces that it will create a Secretary of State for Wales, to find so little gratitude about in the right lounge bars and Bethels. In that the statement of policy is about five years too late, this is the party's own fault. Five years ago the creation of the office had not been so widely regarded as inevitable; its propagandists had not then graduated to speculating on the next step: two rousing cheers at least would have been given. The limitations of the office of Secretary of State have now been too widely bruited about for the new policy to seem a grand gesture.

Words like 'Welsh' and 'national feeling' have, of course, limited application. Margam steelworkers and Rhondda miners are not going to march anywhere or, most of them, vote anything but Labour over any policy for Wales: 'these questions are academic', as a South Wales Labour MP puts it. And some of those who do not care have their doubts about the wisdom of the new policy. Nurtured on notions of a workers' international they find reactionary this encouraging of Welsh separatism. There are others again uneasy at putting any more power into the hands of the Welsh-speaking Establishment, that chapel-dominated and bizarre amalgam which, in the popular mind, is compounded of the University, the BBC, *Urdd Gobaith Cymru*, the Tourist Board, the National Eisteddfod and the Ministry of Education. (Not such a vast congregation as you might imagine: they permute.) The fear is that since it is this Establishment which most cares about separatism, its rewards will be theirs.

This group, relatively small and unfashionable, along with those fractious English residents who cavil at their children learning Welsh in school or their streets having unpronounceable Welsh names, would be very much encouraged to know how little store the separatists, the lower-case nationalists, the people for whose benefit the policy has been drafted, set by a Secretary of State.

These people, influential in constituencies in the north and west, often intellectuals (and intellectuals are more influential in Welsh than English life), frequently Socialist, tempted at by-elections to vote nationalist, have lost some illusions about the power of a Secretary. Naturally they still want one. A nation, as Tom Johnston, the only Scottish Secretary of State of whom Scots speak well, put it to me, needs all the dignity it can get; but too much store shouldn't be set by it.

When Scotland acquired a Secretary of State 33 years ago, she at least had a separate legal system, different bank notes from England, a different system of land tenure. Edinburgh was much farther from Whitehall than is Cardiff, Caithness farther still than Caernarvon. The last battle with the English at least was modern rather than medieval history. The Welsh language may be stronger than Gaelic but how much can language be a substitute for time and distance?

In Scotland recently, talking to people strikingly like those Welshmen who have most wanted a Secretary of State, I found them highly critical of the Scottish Office, in spite of the advantages they might seem to enjoy over Wales. Anglicisation of the bureaucracy, inability to deal with unemployment, with rural depopulation, the decline of the educational system to an English level, lack of power at Westminster – here were all the old Welsh complaints which a Secretary was once going to cure. Falstaff on honour was very like these Scots eloquent about their Secretary.

No one disputed the administrative convenience of the arrangement: no one disputes this in Wales. But the desire for a Secretary has more to do with the Red Dragon fluttering and with power than with administrative convenience. And how much power will a Welsh Secretary have in the Cabinet? Will he be able to persuade his colleagues to grant Wales favours/her rights/her heritage, if they regard Wales as simply another part of the British economy? Bring industry to Gorseinon or Anglesey more easily than under the present dispensation? Be more than a messenger boy?

The Nationalist Party, firm in its faith, unhampered by any prospect of responsibility, recognises the brutal situation: the money and votes are at Westminster, and a Secretary a snare and delusion. The wise anti-Nationalist also recognises it and supports the new policy. It is, as ever, the people in-between, the men and women anxious that their country should have more say in things, unable to accept the Nationalits premise, perturbed at the diminution of Welshness, un-chauvinist but patriotic, who, should Labour win the election and a Secretary be appointed without the situation being changed, will find themselves in a dilemma. It's the recognition of this rather than ingratitude which has prompted what does seem the rather heartless reception for the new Labour policy.

All this, naturally, skates around the really fascinating question: Who will the Secretary be? In what imaginations, one wonders, are the drums of history beating? Any technical limitations in the office's possibilities will do nothing to restrain some enthusiasms, and perhaps they shouldn't. It won't simply be recalled that Keir Hardie wanted such a minister, that men with beards came down from the hills and cried in the wilderness (or that some left the wilderness and forgot). Hywel Dda, Llewelyn the Last, Glyndwr . . . and now whom?

Jim Griffiths is certainly very much fancied, an ex-miner, Welsh-speaking, lending the office weight, although not having quite the dramatic appeal, an appeal running through seams of rich sentiment and heavy irony, of Lady Megan Lloyd George. And then there are the under-secretaries to think of: one of the Scottish complaints has been that politicians of character and ambition and talent are reluctant to accept the Scottish Office. At the moment anyway, this is not true of Wales, at least not of the Labour Party in Wales. It is true of the Conservative Party but, then, that has so few members and, in any case, has not promised a Secretary.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Through the Bars

ALL kinds of types end up in the zoo. There's even a jackdaw there who used to ride regularly on the shoulder of a motor-cycling friend of mine. When the lights were against him, he'd stop, and the bird would fly on. Finally the landlady's complaints (the same friend also kept a fox in his room) led to the bird's being given to a London park. And from there – because he stole so many handkerchiefs, artificial cherries and hats – he was transferred to the zoo. The zoo is a penitentiary, a theatre, an alms house, a laboratory, a conference room, a microcosm.

The agonti comes from South America. In its natural surroundings it's a night animal, staying under cover most of the day. The one here in London is female and about the size of a large hare, only she is round and cumbersome. Her hind legs are larger than her front ones, which, like a squirrel, she uses to hold the food she nibbles and to handle whatever she finds and does not fear. In fact she fears almost everything.

She has an extraordinary cowed look, as if she were constantly trying to make herself as scarce as possible. Perhaps this is partly because she appears to have no tail, although actually she does have one, no larger than a small pink teat. She is hopelessly vulnerable. Her only defence is her bouncing gallop. Her teeth are only for nuts and fruit. Her claws are feeble. Even her rather coarse brownish hair is sparse. Indeed, with her round-bottomed body, her drooping shoulders and her withdrawn face retreating from one shock after another, she looks like a middle-aged woman whose house has caught fire in the night, and who has been forced into the street with only a blanket pulled round her.

When she sits on her haunches to suckle her offspring who push their round heads between her front paws, when she herself is eating with the nervous, acquisitive little bites of all rodents (count the pennies and the pounds'll take care of themselves – that's how they eat), or when she is licking her young, breathing in their smell, cleaning them and recognising the familiar, all the time her warning system is picking up and deciphering signs of foreign approach and danger. She breathes in rumours with the air. Full of natural illusions, her young scurry back to her for safety. Yet she can do no more than scurry them and herself away. A life of dread. But she is no more aware of that than a petit-bourgeois shopkeeper brought up in a Wesleyan chapel.

How different another kind of timidity! The tree-shrew is from Malaya. He is only about six inches long with a narrow, pointed, inquisitive face and sharp pink front paws. In the back wall of his cage are three round holes, not much larger than pennies, which open into a dark box behind. Most hours of the day and night he stays there in

the dark. If, however, you wait long enough you will at last see a long face with unblinking eyes peering through one of the holes. It is a tight fit, the hole no bigger than a collar for his neck. Face out – and then face back into the dark where it is safe. But wait longer. He is persistent, this one, and his method is one of trial and success.

He has noticed your finger between the bars and he intends to investigate it. Glance away and you may miss him; he'll be out into the cage and then back into one of his holes and all you'll glimpse is his bushy tail as he disappears head first. But fix your eyes on him and you'll see him dare perhaps three inches of his open cage before he bolts back. He has tested three inches. They are safe: nothing pursued him. Next time he tests five inches. Then back again: head first: tail in: head out. Then seven inches. And so on, till he's reached your finger. He touches it with his nose and shows his teeth which are no larger than the points of wooden tooth-picks. He bolts back. And ventures out again. If you move your finger slightly he will now snarl and snap at it before retreating His snarl is unexpected: a brief spitting sound like the crackle of one flame flickering in a single gust of wind. A six-inch rodent dragon breathing fire!

After several attempts to bite your finger off – and you will find it quite difficult not to pull your finger away for his teeth are as sharp as his eyes and his persistence – he will try to pull it through the bars with his front paws. These are a whitish pink like his muzzle and gums. After each sustained grasp and tug he bolts back to one of his holes. If you make a noise now, the whole process may begin again. If you are still, he grasps and tugs, flies back, re-emerges, grasps and tugs – until you give up.

And this, they say, is one of the most timid animals in the whole zoo. They are wrong. He is careful – like a wise man on thin ice. He is furtive – like any good sniper. And he is incorruptible. Not to be diverted from his purpose. Romantics could learn from him.

* * *

A lion and a young lioness. The lion is on a low bench in the darkest corner, half asleep. She lies on a high platform, a kind of rostrum in the middle of their cage. Her tail swings like a loose rope from a boat in a harbour where there's a slight swell. Her paws are relaxed and heavy and look overlarge – like hands with boxing gloves on. Her eyes are drowsy, flickering. But every other minute a noise alerts them. Suddenly one of the noises becomes urgent. I can hear nothing. But for her something has changed; the possible has become probable. She sits up. Everything is now battened down. The tail is still. The ears stand up to gather as much as they can, like two people trying to peer over the heads of a crowd. The eyes are undistractable. She is looking into the distance as expectantly as lovers look into one another's eyes – except that the signs she is seeking will be given involuntarily by whatever has alerted her. Wind, sound, shadow have become extensions of her sensory system, as tools for men are extensions of their hands.

She lands on the ground and awaits further events: events which, by the nature of a zoo, can never occur. The lion watches her in such a way that it is impossible not to conclude that he is more knowing. She still waits. It is a full half minute before she relaxes. Relaxed, she looks smaller. She ambles over to the far corner of the cage and there, squatting like a bitch, she piddles.

The lion continues to watch her but now after she has done, he begins to move. He walks slowly over the puddle and takes a lick of it. Then, as if still holding the taste on his tongue, he straightens himself up and raising his head to the sky, bares his teeth. His head is enormous, far wider than any section of her body. He licks again, and again raises his enormous head and draws back the flesh of his mouth. It is a threatening grimace but it is directed against no one. It is a kind of physical swearing. He continues to lick and after each lick he swears at the sky – as a man may grind his teeth in the street as he suddenly remembers touching a breast.

The lioness is now lying on the bench. He goes over to her directly. And there rubs his face against hers. She is indifferent. But he persists, rubbing especially the hard plane between his eyes against her soft ears. Their heads are almost the same colour, but the shape of hers is self-contained, pear-shaped, whilst his is like a cauliflower that has gone to seed.

* * *

Apart from the monkeys whose show has also never closed, and the elephants who work as hard as tax-collectors, all day long receiving and docketing cake, leaves and paper bags, apart from these, the tortoise is among the most popular of the animals. Why? Is it because a tortoise can never take us by surprise? Or is it because it looks so much like a stone and yet is alive, alive enough with luck to outlive any of us? Most animals are partial images in a mirror for us. The tortoise, we think, is our antithesis. We look upon them as we look upon history in the abstract. And of course it's equally a mistake. They do not carry the world on their backs. We do.

JOHN BERGER

Take-Over

ONE day in the autumn of 1959 the only passenger to emerge at London Airport from the Prague plane was a Mr Gopodek, carrying one very small suitcase. The Foreign Office inspector expected to be handed a Czechoslovak passport. And although all FO inspectors are as impassive as Chinamen, he showed a trace of surprise when he was handed a British one. 'You were born in England, Mr Gopodek?' he said, raising his eyes to the traveller's.

'I was. My father was naturalised, but I was born British. In Dalston.'

'Enjoy your stay in the old country,' the FO man said, handing back the precious document.

Later that day two enormous freight-planes flew in from Moscow. Their cargo was the week's diplomatic bag, but the Soviet Embassy official who met the planes with four large lorries made no difficulty about stating the nature of the contents, as he supervised the unloading: 40 tons of gold. 'That's a lot of gold,' said a surprised officer of the Customs and Excise department. To which the Russian, who prided himself on the colloquialism of his English, replied: 'Plenty more where that came from.'

Mr Gopodek went by bus to Dalston, where his father had been a working furrier, and there rented a room with a brass bedstead and a view of an abandoned railway siding. From there he went to the City, and by noon the next day was installed in a two-roomed office off Leadenhall Street, with two secretaries and a telephone. His first work was to look through certain professional directories; and it was with all the assurance proper to the author (which he was), of that monumental Russian textbook, *Capitalism: the Last Phase*, that he picked out the bullion broker, stock broker, and merchant banker with whom to do his business.

The year had been remarkable for financial activity in the form of property deals, mergers and take-overs. But what had gone before was all as nothing compared with what followed Mr Gopodek's arrival in the City. Not a shareholder in Britain but found generous offers for his holdings in every morning's post; not a day passed on the Stock Exchange without the most extraordinary scenes of excitement as apparently reckless buying in every kind of share, stock and bond forced prices up to fantastic heights. Mr Gopodek's means were obviously inexhaustible and his financial skill was of the highest order; as for his boldness, it reminded the oldest hands in the City of the good old days of the American tycoons.

Mr Gopodek's activities even attracted the attention of the House of Commons. After he had acquired controlling interests, and in many cases sole interests, in half the country's industrial enterprises, and was already known as the man behind beer, steel, oil, publishing, printing, wool, cotton, chemicals, land-owning, ship-building and soft-drinks, one or two bold spirits on the Labour benches, men long suspected of Socialist sympathies, began to ask questions. But the press, owned by Mr Gopodek, and the Conservative Party, owned by Mr Gopodek, overwhelmed them with reproaches for casting aspersions on the magnificent working of our free-enterprise economy. Even more vocal were the Liberals, always strongly averse to any interference with the natural and God-inspired freedom of the market. Nor did the handful of Labour agitators receive any sympathy from the trade union leaders; for every demand for higher wages and shorter hours made in industries controlled by Mr Gopodek was instantly met, with the result that productivity shot up like a rocket and money circulated like mad. Thus Mr Gopodek was encouraged to continue his activities.

On 31 December, Mr Gopodek made his way to London Airport not, this time, with a small suitcase, but with three lorry-loads of trunks. They were very heavy, but not, with gold; they contained paper. Mr Gopodek had chartered two whole Vikings, into which his luggage was loaded, and off he went. When he arrived at Moscow Airport, he and his luggage were met and taken straight to the Kremlin and up to Mr Krushchev's suite of offices. There, before the Soviet Prime Minister arrived to keep his appointment with Mr Gopodek, the trunks were thrown open and their contents displayed. Thus, as soon as Mr Krushchev walked in, Mr Gopodek, albeit he was a quiet, reserved sort of man, was able for once to enjoy a dramatic gesture. Raising his arm and pointing at the luggage, 'It is all yours, comrade,' he cried; 'I couldn't buy the nationalised industries, but for the rest, we own the British Commonwealth.'

Mr Krushchev fingered one or two of the deeds, scrip, bonds, and so forth which were bursting out of his emissary's trunks. Then, feeling some tribute was called for, he clapped Mr Gopodek on the shoulder. Mr Gopodek, moved by this kindly familiarity, forgot some of his usual caution and said: 'Now you will admit that I was right, comrade Prime Minister, when I insisted that a study of capitalism would get us farther quicker, cheaper, than a study of nuclear physics.'

'But do not forget,' said the great man, 'that less than half of your mission is accomplished.'

Mr Gopodek drew himself up and the eyes behind his steel rimmed spectacles flashed. 'I do not forget it, comrade Prime Minister. I leave for New York by the morning plane.'

Mr K nodded. 'The gold has already gone,' he said, 'a couple of hundred tons. If you want more, drop me a line. See you about Easter.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Laughton's Lear: Redgrave's James

AFTER a certain age every actor with championship pretentions has to climb into the ring with King Lear, since he is not only the greatest but also the most central of all Shakespeare's creations. Hamlet, Coriolanus, Othello are specialised parts: without a certain temperament, even physique, an actor will get nowhere with them. But Lear needs less temperament than maturity, less physique than authority. In every sense, 'ripeness is all'.

Mr Charles Laughton is an actor of considerable originality whom I admire a great deal. But by the end of his championship bid at the Stratford Memorial Theatre he had taken a terrible beating. The cause of his downfall was, I think, simply his originality. There is a point where 'interpretation' – the talented actor's desire to leave his individual mark on the part – merely becomes perversity – difference for the sake of difference. An actor may rumble out the lines for the noise alone or he may break them down into so many prose statements, but there is a limit to the amount he can muck about with the sense. One of the reasons why Shakespeare is a great poet is his ability to vary the stress of his verse so that it insists precisely on his meaning. Laughton, apparently, was determined to speak each line as it had never been spoken before. As a result, he found himself having continually to slide over the meaning in order to impose his own cadence. His Lear was undoubtedly genial and his geniality faded easily into pathos. But he was genial and pathetic to a point where he seemed impatient of all kingly formulas. So Laughton slipped over them muttering. Thwarted, he became petulant, but never did he manage that innate authority that is the mark of Lear's power. And somehow this seemed to take all sense of purpose from the play. Certainly, it was an old man's whim to divide up his kingdom according to some game of flattery. But it was rage not whim that made him cut off Cordelia and banish Kent, rage not whim that drove him mad. From high on his druid throne Laughton delivered the words of the tragedy, but with a kind of off-hand drawing-room indifference. Only in the Dover Beach scenes, when the King finally abandoned to pathos the shreds of his authority, did Laughton carry the part as it demanded.

His idiosyncrasy seemed contagious. Miss Angela Baddeley was not content to be merely evil, she had to turn Regan into a drunken slut, perhaps more at home in Falstaff's tavern than in Lear's court. Ian Holm did to the Fool what he did to Puck earlier in the season: he turned him into a wild-eyed neurotic, permanently on the edge of breakdown. There was a terrible moment in the storm scene when Laughton stood in the centre of the stage, his head thrown so far back that he was delivering his lines vertically upwards to some strange god among the unused backdrops; Ian Holm clung to him whining continually in a high-pitched note like an injured Pekinese, while Albert Finney, otherwise excellent as Edgar, shimmied around them in the throes of hysterical paralysis. It was more like *Hellzapoppin* than *Lear*.

Despite this room at the top, the Stratford *Lear* is far from disastrous. Glen Byam Shaw's last production as Director of the Memorial Theatre is otherwise a beautifully contrasted affair, with horror and calm, light and dark, balancing each other out with great control, and some good unobtrusive music by Antony Hopkins. But it is a shame that the best acting should be left to the minor parts. Cyril Luckham as Gloucester and Zoe Caldwell as Cordelia are unexceptionable – these are, I think, the two acting discoveries of the Stratford season. Excellent, too, are Anthony Nicholls as Kent, Robert Hardy as Edmund, and Julian Glover as Albany. It might have been a magnificent occasion if only Laughton had been content to be the fine actor he is, rather than succumb to the overbearing temptation of originality.

It is enormously difficult to translate Henry James's sensibility on to the stage. After all, James himself failed utterly to do so. His kind of moral implication is too fine, too static an art to make good drama. One can hardly listen between the lines of spoken dialogue as one must read, gropingly, in the huge elaboration of James's prose style. So part of the interest of *The Aspern Papers* (Queen's) was to see how Sir Michael Redgrave would bridge the gulf of unspoken morality which lies between Henry James's story and the theatre audience. It was a job of elaborately civil engineering and Redgrave performed it with skill. He keeps amazingly close to the original, tinkering, of course, with the mechanics of the thing, but only twice with ill effect: it was a pity to make the manservant steal the papers, since this spreads the guilt out thinly where it should stick fast on the hero; it was even more a pity to soften the ending and remove the irony by which the dowdy niece is made suddenly beautiful and possible by destroying the papers she had offered as her dowry. To make up for these lapses, Redgrave has managed to use almost every scrap of dialogue in the book; both the wit and the dramatic climaxes are James's.

But the difficulties remain despite both technical skill and some fine acting. It is a question simply of implication. *The Aspern Papers* is a deeply sinister study in corruption. The man of letters, who, hot for the remains of his literary idol, kills off, more or less directly, the crone who owns them and, emotionally, her niece who falls in love with him, is wholly corrupted by his passion. Although the tale is in the first person, James softens his brutality not a jot. But as Redgrave interpreted him he was edgy, brisk, apologetic – in short, less a cad than a decent selfish man with literary leanings, rather at the mercy of events. The depth and ruthlessness of his mania was untouched, because James revealed them only through tiny chinks and hesitations in his manners. But on the stage it is rare that more than the outer forms, the manners themselves, clear the footlights. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, too, gave a splendid but one-sided performance. Her old crone was without doubt the wreck of a great beauty: infinitely fragile, imperious, cunning and, above all, in her tottering way, tragic. Her final collapsing cry, 'Publishing scoundrel', was brilliant. But in the cause of tragedy she was far less of a death's head than James, I think, intended. Her shrewd, cold avarice – she *is* death, in a way – became just another old girl's whim.

It was left to Miss Flora Robson to give the performance of the evening, and perhaps of her distinguished career. As the dowdy middle-aged niece she moved unhesitatingly from awkwardness, shuffling and tongue-tied, through an uncertain, hesitant tenderness to a final desolation and calm. She presented a whole process of life. And it was a performance wholly without mannerisms; each move was thought out and restrained; over everything was the mark of intelligence. In this way the full profundity of the James character came through. Her intelligence and skill as an actress matched his as a writer. It is the only way.

A. ALVAREZ

Gramophone Records

WITH Covent Garden's *Ring* cycle approaching once again, it seems appropriate to draw attention to Decca's recent issue of *Das Rheingold* (SXL 2101/3 or LXT 5495/7) and their still more recent issue of the first act of *Die Walküre* (SXL 2074-5 or LXT 5429/30). The *Rheingold* set has been hailed as the finest operatic recording ever made, and with some justification. The problems of placing the singers in relation to the orchestra, to the microphones, and – not least – to the requirements of the drama, have been solved with real musical understanding. The recording is 'visualised' more thoroughly than any I have yet heard. Of course there are dangers in a too intensive visualisation of this kind. It does not follow that a noise which one accepts in the theatre as incidental to the stage action will evoke that action if carried into the sightless world of a recording. As the inventors of *musique concrète* discovered to their cost, noises have a way of acquiring some quite extraneous meaning when the eye cannot aid the ear. At the moment in *Das Rheingold* when Loge and Froh pile up the Nibelung treasure, the Decca recording includes the recurrent sounds of metal dropped on metal. So far from conjuring up the scene, this merely provides a free percussion part somewhat reminiscent of the sonority of the anvils. It confuses the music with its own rhythmically nonsensical commentary. Heaven forbid that these noises should be in strict time: in a recording the effect would better be avoided altogether. But this is the only serious misjudgment in the Decca production; it seems very small beside the splendours of the performance. Georg Solti's tempi are predominantly on the fast side – it is a very nimble Alberich that clambers down the Rocks in the first scene – but nothing sounds hurried. The rhythm and phrasing combine the most clear articulation with a true strength, and the standard is maintained throughout (especially by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, whose playing is a marvel). Apart from an odd loss of confidence over those leaping octaves, sevenths and ninths when Wotan seizes the ring from Alberich, every musical event is given the proper dramatic weight. An extremely distinguished cast is headed by Kirsten Flagstad (Fricka) and George London (Wotan). Amongst the others, Gustav Neidlinger's Alberich is outstanding both expressively and technically.

Set Svanholm, the Loge of the *Rheingold* set, reappears as Siegmund in the *Walküre* recording, where he is partnered by Kirsten Flagstad and Arnold van Mill. In both roles Svanholm's voice shows signs of tiredness, but he is a musician of considerable stature, and there is much to be learnt from his interpretations. The *Walküre* recording is conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch, who can certainly be called a great Wagnerian. The structure of the first act is rather more challenging to a conductor than anything in *Das Rheingold*, and it is perhaps unfair to compare Solti's very brilliant performance with the necessarily more introspective interpretation of Knapperts-

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busch. But the fact remains that after listening to Solti, one is particularly likely to notice an occasional lack of rhythmic attention in Knappertsbusch's performance. It may only result in an obscured upbeat or a lack of concerted attack, but it is enough to weaken a performance that has many masterful features.

Eugen Jochum and the Bavarian Radio Choir and Orchestra have recorded Bach's B minor Mass on Philips Fontana label (CFL 1028/9). By the standards of our everyday concert life, this would be considered quite a notable performance. It is neither makeshift nor academic, and the five soloists (Lois Marshall, Hertha Töpper, Peter Pears, Kim Borg and Hans Braun) maintain a standard of accomplishment which is not often reached except at Festival concerts. Yet as a *record* (let us not forget the true meaning of that word) of one of the supreme achievements of Western art, it is scarcely adequate. The performance subsists on faith rather than perception, and something more is required than those qualities which make Jochum's Bruckner performances (for instance) so satisfying. His Bach needs rather more contrapuntal imagination. The texture often suffers from too great a concentration on one or other of the outer parts. When there is a static element, such as the pedal points of *Et in terra pax*, Jochum builds more surely. But there are times when not only the building, but even the foundations of the counterpoint are unsure: Jochum's feeling for the opening of the *Qui Tollis* may be true, but the actual subject of the vocal counterpoint is given no specific shape. The most agreeable feature of the recording is the singing of the soloists.

Philips' Fontana series also contains some useful 10-inch discs of single classical masterpieces. Beecham's recording of Haydn's Drum Roll Symphony on SBR 6253 should not be missed. Four bars of that staggering Introduction (compare Beecham in the reprise!) are sufficient to reveal the directing hand of a master. Beecham may never have been a Bachian, but his treatment of incidental detail in Haydn would have been an object lesson for the players accompanying the solo arias in Jochum's B minor Mass. One wonders what Beecham would think of the Fontana recording (EFR 2015) of Mozart's G major violin concerto, in which Isaac Stern combines the functions of soloist and conductor. There is a popular assumption that this dual activity guarantees a kind of unanimity which is somehow missing from the conventional concerto interpretation. It guarantees nothing. But neither does it preclude a tolerable performance, given a soloist of sufficient stature. Stern does in fact sustain his double role, without in any way suggesting that it was essential to his view of the work. Understandably, his playing is at its best in the elaborate cadenza to the first movement.

Finally, some minor works: Deutsche Grammophon EPL 30037 is worth acquiring as a test for friends who claim a compendious knowledge of the repertoire. Who is the composer of this opulent Intermezzo, combining the harmony of Mahler and Strauss with the accents of Verdi and Puccini? The not uninteresting answer is Franz Schmidt. No one will be in any doubt about the composer of the overture admirably conducted by Howard Hanson on Mercury MMA 11012. Gershwin's *Cuban Overture* somehow remains personal despite the composer's crippling error of selecting such uncharacteristic rhythmic material. From this point of view the Latin-American and other *genre* pieces in Bernstein's *Fancy Free* ballet (coupled on Capitol P 8196 with Copland's *Rodeo*) are much more successful, though the subsidiary linking material is not worth recording. A new version of Bernstein's inventive Broadway show, *Wonderful Town* (Philips BBL 7307), has just been released, but the performance is not nearly as pointed as the old original-cast version on Brunswick. Philips BDL 7305 can be recommended to those who heard, and to those who missed, the London production of Bernstein's *Candide*. The recording is taken from the New York production, and contains some things which were not heard in London.

DAVID DREW

Pleased to Meet Them

THIRTY years ago I bought a gramophone record by Wanda Landowska. Since I stopped playing it, her name had hardly ever been in my thoughts, though I suppose that one half-recalled it whenever one heard a harpsichord. Yet, when I read of her death this week, an exact picture of her came instantly into my mind's eye – a picture of a majestic old woman, full of vitality – because, on 5 July, the BBC had celebrated her eighty-second birthday by including in *Monitor* an admirable American film interview with her.

Television is like an assiduous hostess, sometimes, as in this case, introducing one to people one is glad to meet, sometimes inflicting on one the most ghastly bores. In either case, the impact of the newly encountered personality is apt to be stronger than in real life. If he or she is projected into one's room in close-up, one can scrutinise face, eyes, mouth more intently than would be polite at a party; one observes mole and wrinkle and sagging dewlap, under the studio lights the skin starts to glisten beadily, *why* does she wear those flashy, distracting earrings. . . ? Such compulsive tricks as an admonitory gesture with a pipe (which then has to be relit), harmless and even endearing in a friend when one is with him, can become so oppressive when repeated too often on TV that one starts looking out for them and forgetting what is being said.

In the past week British viewers have been introduced to two eminent Americans who are far too smart ever to be caught boring anyone in some such incidental and inadvertent way as this – though Bishop Fulton Sheen's habit of invariably, even several times in a sentence, referring to Christ as 'our blessed Lord' must have been off-puting (as, so to speak, begging the question) to non-Christian viewers and was the only touch of excessive piety in an otherwise intimately colloquial, and glossily professional, performance. Bishop Sheen's technique and timing are superb. No wonder his programme gets high ratings in America: it is like an uplift article in the *Reader's Digest* brought to three-dimensional life.

On Monday night we had our second full view of Mr Nixon in action, reporting on his Russian visit. At one public gathering he read his speech rather too obviously and rapidly, though the interpreters had no doubt had an advance hand-out. (I wondered what they made of a metaphor that he used in an unrehearsed argument with Mr K – 'a horse of a different colour') I found tedious the moralising commentary, into camera, with which the fascinating film of the arguments was interlarded; but the Nixon approach to co-existence was unexceptionable (and would have been unthinkable, from an American politician, a year ago). He had clearly taken Krushchev's measure pretty sensibly, and paid him what must be the highest compliment in his etiquette-book – saying that he had 'most of the assets that a successful politician needs'. Nixon's own looks and personality came across not unsympathetically: that curiously ellipsoidal jaw setting off the almost-too-perfect bridgework (as I assume it is), the controlled hygienic hairiness as of a well-groomed gorilla; and, all the time, behind the glowing smile, a vigilant alertness and a remarkable dialectical flexibility.

Along with the famous, we meet – and, occasionally, find unforgettable – some hitherto-unknowns: in the BBC's mid-week religious programme, *Viewpoint*, for instance, a fresh and delightful girl (identified only as Caroline) who had been sent experimentally to Iona because she believed herself an atheist and had there acquired a few doubts; and, in last week's edition of Grierson's *This Wonderful World*, a scarfaced ex-criminal named Victor Russo, who, interviewed by John Watson, recalled his past, in a gentle Scottish accent. Their exchanges included: 'You're a good singer, aren't you?' 'I used to be before I got my throat cut last time.' 'I suppose you've stolen a lot of money in your time?' 'I've *handled* a lot . . . I know what to do with it – oh, I got rid of it.' 'How?' 'Gambling – drinking – women . . . I never wasted any of it.' 'You moved among the most powerful circles of the underworld?' 'Oh yes, I was with the heavy mob – the top ten.' Mr Russo, who revealed that he has been shot three times, 'cut up' by four men in a Soho club, and slashed in Parkhurst 'by a team from the north country', seems to prefer Scotland to England: 'if there's any slashing to be done in Glasgow, it's among themselves they do it – there's nothing wrong in that'.

This might have made good raw material for a play by Tennessee Williams – who exposed himself recently in radio's *Frankly Speaking*. Some of the simpler listeners may have been surprised to hear him say: 'I don't think there's anyone more squeamish than I am about anything obscene; I abhor anything scatological. . . . I'm almost an old puritan'.

Which reminds me . . . the disc programmes will soon be amoan with a song, now on its way from America, which is said to be the 'greatest' in teenagers' laments. It is called 'The Big Hurt'.

TOM DRIBERG

Risibility Nil

ONE can't say of British funny films that, like *Punch*, they aren't as good as they were; were they ever? The seasonal rash of them comes out in all the expected places: there they are, the Welfare State scripts, the jokes that have moved out into the layer beyond Ealing, the 'shower' who never have to wait for a job. The Boulting Brothers' *I'm All Right, Jack* (Leicester Square) seems to sum up all the faults of current funniness. Can there be an election coming? Its target is strikes and trade unions; so men play cards behind piled crates, work goes at a snail's pace, the shop steward looks like Franco and behaves as Mr Cousins might in his wildest dreams, the Time Study man, watching through binoculars from a nearby roof, will be lucky if he gets away with a whole skin. But, of course, *in these days*, one can't just be funny about the uppish classes; so every joke about the works must be balanced by one about the boardroom, where double-dealers pass on contracts to one another, knowing that some foreign government will pay the piper, and sometimes a strike helps and sometimes it doesn't, and business must always come first. As I say, the other side is duly represented. But what is the result? Detached satire? No, it's not on that level at all; merely afraid to come out into the open. And since, after all, *I'm All Right, Jack* – as con-

veyed by the title – only aims at fun, is it *funny*? No! It goes through the motions, it gets the mechanical laughs, no more. Of spontaneous humour, to say nothing of wit, I could detect hardly a flicker. I don't think I'm hard to get at: a British film the other week, *Left, Right, and Centre* – with the same subservient aim of being fair all round, but no high pretensions – *did* make me laugh quite a lot. Ian Carmichael, of course, was hero of both, Gilbert Harding represented TV panels in one and Malcolm Muggeridge in the other: and this time we have Terry-Thomas, Margaret Rutherford, and Peter Sellers, of whom one grows tired of hoping that his next film will be better. It is typical of *I'm All Right, Jack* that that splendid actor, Miles Malleson, should be employed here momentarily shelling peas in the nude.

There is hardly more fun, of a bucolic kind, in the Scotland of Launder and Gilliat's *The Bridal Path* (Odeon, Tott. Ct. Rd.), in which a farmer from the isles goes to the mainland to find a wife and gets taken for an escaped thug. This is no rib-cracker, but a few of the misadventures are funny – with Bill Travers as the wife-seeker and George Cole in the police – and when we tire of jokiness, there are always the hills in colour. But I should have preferred them without bursts of national song.

A Hole in the Head (at the Odeon, Leicester Square), brings the American brand of tiresomeness, too much talk; and the eye is always looking for larks it never gets. At once, a long midnight talk between a feckless father and his small boy who isn't being brought up right – but they're pals – makes an impossible introduction; and it isn't improved by Mr Frank Sinatra, as his usual self, snared by sentiment. However, things look up with an indignant brother coming along to steer the black sheep into whiteness; Edward G. Robinson, here powerfully puzzled. His fretfulness is really quite endearing. It all takes place in an atmosphere in which sentiment may always be switched on like the light, and in a Miami remarkably devoid of people Frank Capra directed.

My laugh of the week came in *House on Haunted Hill* (Prince of Wales, Harrow Road) when – thanks to a new toy called Emergo – a skeleton came sailing out over the stalls with electric bulbs winking.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Royal Ballet, at Covent Garden

The Royal Ballet is back in town for a short season with Margot Fonteyn no longer its official leader, but now billed as a guest artist. Such a change will, I hope, force the other ballerinas into ferocious competition, for till now they have rather seemed to languish beneath Dame Margot's unrivalled power. This was never through any personal mismanagement, but because it needs a supreme effort on the part of any younger dancer, however ambitious, to break through the tradition and set a different pattern of perfection, to lead a new style. Certainly on the first night Svetlana Beriosova danced in *The Lady and the Fool* with the cool grandeur of a queen, no longer a princess. Her aristocratic partners were less confident, seeming always tentative, never comfortable or tyrannical enough in their characterisation of the three society gods. The male dancers were happiest as clowns, or in the tragic drama of *The Burrow*, in which they acted with a confidence and sensibility that belies their generally feeble behaviour when asked to play the part of handsome heroes or even ordinary young men. *Mam'zelle Angot*, the last ballet on the programme, is an elaborate work by Massine that has somehow lost the warm-heartedness that makes his other comedies so entrancing. But with Nedia Nerina and Alanander Grant dancing snappily and a Derain décor that never fails to enchant, I saw the ballet through in passive contentment.

A. F.

HOW CAN TV BEST HELP TEACH?

one answer to the problem

The problem of how television can be best used for education is not an easy one. That its potential value is enormous is hardly disputed—it is how most effectively to fit into the general pattern of education that has still to be discovered.

A contribution towards solving this problem has now been devised by Granada TV, in a series of programmes which will be shown on television screens to Science Sixth Forms next term.

For this series of programmes a number of Britain's leading scientists have consented to give lectures. Among them will be:

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The lectures will be independent of any school syllabus. Each programme will be self-contained. The aim of the series is to give Sixth Form students the opportunity of seeing, in their own classrooms, leading scientists talking about their work. Each lecture will last for half-an-hour. The programmes will be supported by Teachers' Notes which will be provided in booklet form in due course.

The programmes will be transmitted between 11.40 a.m. and 12.10 p.m. each Thursday, with a repeat at the same time on each following Monday. There will be ten programmes during the term and they will start on Thursday, September 24.

GRANADA TV

Starting 24 September

Correspondence

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—The recent correspondence on Socialism in the universities has been conducted on a regrettably parochial level. Recruitment and administration in university Labour clubs is a phenomenon peculiarly sensitive to the general political climate and the state of the Labour movement as a whole. The level of student political activity has fluctuated, for instance, over the last few years as the major issues of Hungary, Suez and the H-Bomb have reached their various points of intensity.

Hard-working club officials can do a great deal to keep the Labour Party's policies publicised, but if their political horizons do not lie beyond Smith Square and the next election, they are wrong to delude themselves that they are completely fulfilling their duty to Socialism. The chairman of the Glasgow University Labour Club last week, in one statement, of an astonishingly bureaucratic flavour for one so young, provided a neat clue to the short-sighted attitude towards student organisation in the Labour Party, when he wrote, of his own club: 'Political discussion among the converted is subordinate, as it should be'. Alas, for we were told that no fewer than 250 students in Glasgow have already submitted to mental sterilisation according to this method. In recent years Nalso, severely hampered by administrative troubles partly due to its own failings, has been battling against this very attitude.

The Labour Party must be prepared to invest, possibly through Nalso, money and energy in university Socialism without demanding immediate loyalty to *The Future Labour Offers You*; for if it does not, it will continue to hamper the growth of clubs on a local level and will, more seriously, tend to stultify the development of the movement in general. It is in this light that organisational needs must be considered; we are probably now ready for a single national organisation for students and young workers together, intellectually independent of the party, although necessarily dependent financially.

It is difficult to welcome new members into a movement neurotic with taboos, inhibitions and proscriptions. Fortunately there are Labour clubs in which permanent and free discussion is emphasised, and it is these we must thank if in a decade or so the Labour Party is not so dull a place.

TONY D. SMITH

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SIR,—As a former member of Glasgow University Labour Club (1955-58), I hardly recognised the idealised picture presented by Mr John Smith last week. I remember Glasgow University political activity just a year ago. We had open meetings which attracted 400. True, but 400 roaring, sometimes obscene, monsters, more concerned to yell their own witticisms(?) than to listen to the speaker, intent only on filling in a half-hour before the beginning of afternoon classes. That is why top-rank speakers will not visit Glasgow.

We had almost 250 in the Labour Club, but we were lucky if we saw more than 20 of them at club meetings. And is 250 such a creditable figure when you consider the large working-class and lower-middle-class element in Glasgow University? (The University has over 6,000 students.) Three years ago over 900 students voted Earl Attlee into second place in a Rectorial election even when presented with the choice of three other candidates—R. A. Butler, Ernest Hemingway, and Lord Gibson, a former Labour MP and now a Scottish Law Lord.

Perhaps I am too much of a pessimist. I wish Mr Smith well. But perhaps on one point he would do well to look back and take an example from the bad old days when party policy *was* dissected, and sometimes anticipated at club meetings.

W. M. RANKINE

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BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR,—I have been foster-mother and child-minder to West Indian children and have been appalled at the way in which West Indian men treat their women. They do not generally support the mothers, or mothers-to-be, of their children. If the couple is cohabiting the man will pay the rent, but the woman has to support herself and her child. Directly before and after the birth the woman lives on National Assistance. When the baby is a few months, or in many cases a few weeks old, she leaves him with a child-minder while she goes out to work. These children usually go from one child-minder to another which must eventually cause them irreparable psychological harm.

One West Indian landlady once said to me: 'It is the hardest thing in the world to get our men to marry. When the baby comes the mother is left to run here and there to find somewhere to leave it while she works. Our men are very selfish.'

I have spoken to welfare workers who have told me that they have many headaches over this problem of how to help these unmarried mothers and their babies.

West Indian women do want marriage. I know of one Jamaican girl cohabiting with a Jamaican man, who made her wedding dress and issued invitations to the wedding party. However, the man deserted her a few weeks before it was due to take place, leaving her with a baby a few months old and pregnant with a second child.

It must be remembered that these men and women are usually themselves illegitimate and their own mothers have usually had several children by different fathers. This, of course, has influenced the whole of their moral outlook. It is interesting to realise that the church has made little impact into this aspect of West Indian life. Most West Indians belong to a church. Many of them, descendants of Irishmen, are Catholics.

As Dr Yehudi A. Cohen states, it is true that the Jamaican sends money home to his mother, but this is usually at the expense of the mother of his children. In one case where a Jamaican did marry his child's mother, the others of his family in this country refused to have any more to do with him. They stated that he should continue to send his money home and not spend it on a wife.

I do not think it will deter Mr Lake's wayward girl to point out 'cultural' differences with the West Indians. Probably in this case they are negligible. He should point out the more practical angle, i.e., that an English boy-friend will possibly marry her if she is with child, but a Jamaican will almost certainly refuse to do so.

SHEILA LESLIE

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INDIAN NATIONAL ARMY

SIR,—Let me in all haste confirm the remarks of G. P. Roy.

When I first joined the Indian Army from a British infantry battalion, I was suffering under the illusion that British officers 'looked after' the welfare of the Indian troops under them as carefully, as meticulously, as members of the RA used to care for their horses. During the last few days on the island of Singapore before our ignominious surrender I discovered the nearest analogy to be the Service Corps and their mules—to be fed in normal peacetime conditions, abandoned during crises. On 13 February—Black Friday—my own unit pulled out of Nee Soon to withdraw to the fringe of the town proper. 'Pulled out' is a mild phrase—we scurried, stealing any transport that was stealable. While we were recuperating at the new position I noticed that we did not have one Indian with us. A friend and myself took two trucks and went back under heavy fire picking up our forlorn straggling Indians all along the Nee Soon Road—Indians of all ranks. The behaviour of the British personnel of the Indian Army then and after capitulation so nauseated me that I swore I would not soldier another day after the war. It was one of the few oaths I have ever made—and kept.

Loyalty has always held a number of definitions. A good, loyal Indian really meant one who, in the buttering of his bread on behalf of the rulers, was disloyal to his own kind. We in Britain who have not suffered invasion and conquest since 1066 can hardly judge the qualities of Asians suddenly confronted with the collapse of the invincible white ruler to a power who had so obviously succeeded, in ten weeks, in accomplishing what they themselves had been attempting for 200 years. After all, the Indian Army to the Indian was only what the Regular Army was to the British unemployed—a job. And—what a job! My own clerk, who literally ran our office, was a BA. His salary was 50 rupees per month. Mine at that time was nearer 500. So ashamed were we of this discrepancy that most of us were paid in private.

Of course they were perfectly happy to join the INA. It seemed a heaven-sent opportunity and, at that precise time, ethically correct. As G. P. Roy says, R. B. Bose formed the Free Indian Army from disillusioned, disgusted men. It was the Japanese lack of foresight which did not allow them to take full advantage of this disillusionment; and that of every other Asian who was left to their tender mercies.

Braddon, in his *Naked Island*, and others have often referred contemptuously to the 'double-facedness' of the Malays during the occupation. I wonder what these same writers would have said if the positions had been reversed?

No one in the East has any doubt as to the significance of the role the INA played, not only in India's independence, but in an uplift of national confidence among all Asian subject races.

R. L. WILD

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SUPPRESSION IN PAKISTAN

SIR,—A Pakistani proverb is 'When a witness for the defendant is more vociferous than the latter there is something fishy'. As far as I know Pakistan mili-

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tary government has never made public the exact figures and names of the people imprisoned under the Security Act or other similar acts though named differently. Now the Press Attaché of the Pakistan High Commission comes to the defence of his government and says that only two persons are 'detained'. For fear of taking too much of your space I shall name only Maulana Bhashani, Mr G. M. Sneyd and Khan Achakzi, but if challenged I am prepared to name many more.

As to the rule of law prevailing in Pakistan, although due to the pressure of world opinion martial law regulation No. 29 forbidding the right of association for workers has been withdrawn, nine workers of Adamjee jute mills in E. Pakistan, who were sentenced to flogging and prison terms ranging from four to six years, are still in jail.

'. . . the regime has volunteered to hand over the country to a democratic form of government', says Mr Waliullah. Some idea of the proposed 'democratic form of government' can be obtained from the fact that almost all of the people imprisoned and disqualified from participating in future political activities, so far, are from the National Awamy Party, the only party in Pakistan which had the achievement of real independence for Pakistan as its aim.

A PAKISTANI

THE PLANNERS IN ABERDARE

SIR,—Mrs Elaine Morgan is wrong to accuse Mr Ralph Samuel of being 'either disingenuous or deluded'. Within the limit of space of his article he has described the position in Aberdare fairly and accurately.

Mrs Morgan is wrong, too, in asserting that the chief motive 'of at least 16,500 of the 17,000 objectors' was mainly economic. This was but one of many weighty reasons for objection. Another at least as weighty as the economic one, was that the urban district council chose to consider the plan over a period of years and finally to approve of it without any reference to the people who would be affected by it and without breathing a word in public of its existence. Then, when the plan was deposited for public inspection on being submitted to the Minister, and public alarm, worry and resentment became apparent, the attitude of the Aberdare Council, varying as it did from indifference to hostility towards the objectors, aroused further resentment. To this day the Labour-controlled Council still approve of the plan.

Because of this insistence in inflicting on Aberdarians something that they hate, ten of them have so far lost their seats to candidates whose only plank has been opposition to the plan and the secrecy attached thereto, not, as Mrs Morgan puts it, to planning. Many of the new councillors, indeed, have Socialist backgrounds like the writer, who has been an active Socialist for well over 50 years.

Mrs Morgan is most wrong, however, when she states that the battle Mr Samuel is fighting was won long ago. I can hardly believe Mrs Morgan to be ignorant of the fact that 3,411—that is, one-third of the houses in Aberdare—are still certified by the Council to be included in the Town Plan as being 'likely to be replaced, rebuilt or extensively renovated before 1971'.

All that has happened since that bit of news was made public is that the Council has issued a nebulous statement which appears to mean that if economic conditions do not change before 1971, it will not carry into effect any more of the provisions of the plan than coincide with its usual slum clearance programme; this leaves the matter static until 1971. But what happens after 1971?

Public opinion in Aberdare no longer has any confidence in those councillors whose secret deliberations produced the present state of affairs and who apparently have still not learned the obvious lesson the town plan controversy should have taught them.

W. C. PIRRIE

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Aberdare

JOSEPHUS AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—To render Greek prose into 'plain' English is so obviously right that I am glad if I have succeeded in doing it: whether my English is 'disagreeably vulgar' readers of my translation must judge for themselves. Your reviewer would have been more helpful if he had indicated whether it faithfully reproduced the original and was intelligible and readable. His further comment—that the present translator 'never ventures a footnote except to sneer at his author'—is simply untrue. There are no fewer than 75 footnotes that are entirely factual and make no mention, explicit or implicit, of Josephus: only a fraction of that number cast any doubt on the historian's accuracy—generally because of contradictions in his own writings.

Professor Trevor-Roper suggests that in inventing speeches Josephus was like Thucydides, in his absurd credulity like Livy, in his unreliable figures like all ancient writers. But Thucydides's speeches are sparingly introduced and might well be genuine; and they serve as invaluable commentaries on the narrative: I wonder if your reviewer has read those which Josephus puts into his own mouth and those of Agrippa II and Eleazar of Masada? Would Livy have repeated the fantastic stories that appear in the Jewish War? Is it usual in ancient writers to raise mountains to ten times their real height, or to portray Roman governors arguing with crowds of 'at least three million?' Professor Trevor-Roper thinks me equally credulous because I 'will swallow everything provided it is in the Gospels'. I do not know on what evidence that statement is based; but if its author really thinks that the Gospels contain absurdities and exaggerations comparable with those in the Jewish War and such as only the credulous will swallow, he should surely say what they are. The evangelists may have had 'worm-eyes', but their testimony cannot be swept away by a clever phrase or two.

Finally, may I point out that the view of the best English scholar who has edited the book—that the narrative of Josephus, though suspicious where his own acts are concerned, 'as a whole cannot but be accepted as trustworthy'—is exactly the view expressed in my own introduction. 'When he has no axe to grind . . . he is an informative and reliable historian. As regards the principal facts recorded we can certainly accept his account as essentially trustworthy'. Moreover, St J. Thackeray follows up the passage quoted above (in which he italicises 'on the whole') with the devastating comment: 'Unfortunately reservations must be made. Josephus, with all his boasted zeal for truth, shows on occasions a lax sense of the meaning of that word'.

G. A. WILLIAMSON

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NO PATH TO ROME

SIR,—Mr Paul Johnson need not have gone all the way to the Alps to discover that in these days roads that can be used by motor traffic are no longer fit to walk along. He could have found it out anywhere in Devon, where the motor coaches proceed, often two or three at a time, like cumbersome, slow comets with a half-mile train of private cars. Foot-hikers still crop up occasionally, but they have an outcast look such as I imagine Mr Johnson to have worn as he trudged, resentful and heavy-laden, over the whirring Alpine heights.

Most are now hitch-hikers. They thumb a lift over the unavoidable stretches of road and then turn off along a lane or footpath to get into the country, which is still there, generally within a few hundred yards. A few weeks ago, on a brilliantly sunny (mid-week) afternoon, I walked with my family for some miles along the Teign valley, at a part where the hills rise steeply nearly a hundred feet on either side. It is as beautiful as anything to be found in England, and it was all ours. From the time we left the road to the time we rejoined it, to catch a bus home, we did not see a soul.

There is nothing else for it. We must travel the distances in our motor car, or in someone else's motor car; or else stay at home, where we can at least be comfortable while we sigh that times have changed.

NORMAN DENNY

Little Doccombe
Moretonhampstead, Devon

GENTILITY

SIR,—The advice, quoted in 'This England', on the delicate matter of the refined disposal of fruit pips and stones reminds me that a gentleman with whom I once had the privilege and honour of sharing a staff-room was so genteel and sensitive that he used discreetly to conceal the spout whilst pouring tea from the pot.

Such decorum is indeed rare these days.

W. POWELL

The Pyghtle
West Somerton, Norfolk.

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One of to-day's problems is how to make the best use of leisure hours. If you are studiously inclined, your spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree, not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 15,000 Successes at Lond. Univ. examinations **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** (mentioning exam.) to E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. VH24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Plato and Democracy

THE times have changed, and Mr Crossman has changed, since this forceful and original presentation of Plato in modern dress first appeared in 1937.* Even Plato, or the image of him, has not remained entirely the same, after the more thorough and less sympathetic onslaught of Professor Popper in *The Open Society and Its Enemies* (1945) – Mr Crossman rightly remarks that his book is full of the preoccupations of the Thirties; how remote that period seems in terms of political thought and political realities. The most striking impression left after a re-reading is not of Mr Crossman's iconoclasm, but rather of his still undisturbed acceptance of the traditional British alternatives in political philosophy. The rational grounds of genuine democracy and of equal access to participation in government: the rational grounds for preferring government by a trained and detached élite: the arguments on both sides are fairly reviewed and contemporary (1937) illustrations suggested. I find myself back again in the Oxford of A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol, and of the League of Nations Union.

No one of Mr Crossman's experience and insight could now write of the theory of politics in this easy, direct style and be content with the simple balancing of alternative opinions. So much has happened since 1937 that compels attention to deeper levels of motivation in politics and that upsets most of the inherited assumptions about the rational choices open: the unanticipated horrors and successes of Nazism, the extremes of nationalism in every part of the world, the craving for charismatic leaders and national heroes, the cult of personality. These are facts of political life which we have gradually come to accept as facts, but without so far finding a place for them in any interpretative theory of human nature. Consequently there is now a groping search for a more adequate psychology of social change and of social unrest, which can be added to the simplified models of Marxism and liberal theory. This is the point of contact at which criticism of Plato's Republic would probably begin for anyone writing in 1959, as Mr Crossman wrote in 1937, with an urgent sense of a contemporary need.

Plato founded his political theory, the first in the Western tradition, on a theory of the soul as divided into three parts: the higher and reasoning part of the soul, the intermediate and self-assertive part, and the lower part, the seat of desires and appetites. For him the health of the psyche consisted in a due subordination of the lower to the higher parts and in an adjustment between them that allows each its appropriate activity. There must be a rigid division of classes in society which corresponds to this stratification of the soul, the less rational and the more acquisitive type of men subordinated to the more learned and disinterested, who will rule. That the individual soul should be governed by its superior element, which is reason detached from every sensuous interest, is the first principle of Plato's philosophy, from which his theory of society is deduced.

Mr Crossman preferred to explain Plato's authoritarianism as based on his experience of Athenian politics, as if this theory of knowledge was the reflection of his political observation rather than the other way round. This is almost certainly a misunderstanding due to a too uncritical reliance on the Letters. The evidence of the Dialogues is of a philosopher who stooped to political action and advice, because of a lifelong conviction that he, and he alone, had the philosophical key to human nature: the division between superior intelligence concerned only with eternal truths, and an inferior attachment through the senses and appetite to particular things in the ordinary world. The ordinary world is a scene of meaningless change which can never satisfy the intellect. We must learn to find satisfaction, and train a class of rulers to find satisfaction, in the abstract truths of philosophy and of mathematics. A stable society, like a stable personality, must rest on a due subordination of the lower human interests to the higher intellect, and it is the philosopher's duty to descend into the arena of politics to perpetuate such a stable society.

Platonism, as a theory of the mind, can be attacked at its sources in two ways, the one more radical than the other. Mr Crossman chose the less radical line of attack. He argues that Plato had closed the doors against the development of human potentialities, and that he had not allowed for the progressive education of men through their increasing participation in the government of themselves. Secondly, he doubts whether a disinterested élite ever has remained, or ever could remain, both disinterested and effective. But he does not directly challenge the first principle, the division of the soul into parts, into the higher and the lower, the unworldly intellectual interests and the worldly appetites.

Appearing for the first time in Plato, some such doctrine of the divided soul, of higher and lower interests, has become through Christianity a largely unquestioned commonplace, and is still comfortably applied in judging social policies. Yet it may be – and I think it probably is – a mistake, a complete misconception from the beginning. The evidence, both historical and scientific, may show that health and stability in the individual soul depend, not on a subordination of the so-called lower interests to higher, but rather on repudiating the distinction between higher and lower: that the subordination of interest in particular things, and of sensuous enjoyment, to purely intellectual interests leads to violence and poverty in the soul: that health and stability depend on regarding the soul as essentially single and as not divisible into material and spiritual elements. If this were indeed shown, it would be easier to understand the grounds of objection to Plato's stratified state; for Plato himself in the Republic argues by analogy from the divisions in the individual soul to the necessary divisions in the State. Suppose that this argument by analogy is accepted as valid: then the principle of equality that, according to a democrat, should be respected in society would correspondingly be applied to the innate interests and tendencies of the individual soul. The democrat's case will be that the physical appetites and the sensuous enjoyments that are characteristic of men are neither inferior nor superior to pure intellectual curiosity. Nor is interest in, and understanding of, concrete things in nature by itself inferior to the abstract arguments of philosophy and mathematics. Justice and stability in the State consist in preventing any one class of citizens from dominating and suppressing the initiative of the others: so virtue and stability in the individual consist in preventing any one type of human interest from dominating and suppressing the others.

The depth and the continuing fascination of Plato's argument in the Republic are not fully understood unless he is challenged at this level and at this starting point in philosophical psychology; for Plato's point was that an aristocratic approach to politics entails an aristocratic conception of essential human interests and that the converse is also true. This is also the contemporary relevance of the argument; professed democrats and socialists are often heard deploring the base material interests, the vulgar self-assertion, in a society contemptuously described as 'mass democracy'. An aristocratic conception of the soul, of superior and inferior human interests, is uneasily combined with egalitarian principles in politics. Plato could ask – If we know the intellectual way of life to be superior, and the ordinary man's pursuit of pleasure to be inferior, why do we not ensure that the best men rule and form the good society in their own image And if we believe that every citizen should be able to choose his own way of life to please himself, why do we criticise or reject a democracy that allows equal expression to all the interests of men, including those that are 'vulgar' and unintellectual?

Perhaps there is a democrat's answer to Plato's challenge; but only if his philosophical starting-point is rejected, the division of the soul into parts, into superior spiritual and the inferior material interests. The justification of democracy is that each citizen should be a whole and undivided man, with the occasion as citizens of the state to realise every innate human interest. Plato's definition of virtue, and therefore of the ends of government, points in exactly the opposite direction: a man is just and virtuous in so far as he performs his strictly specialised function in the state, and the state is stable and successful in so far as each man is trained for a strictly specialised role. Every citizen of a just society is confined to one necessary activity, which is the contribution of his class to the whole. This is the nightmare that is horribly relevant to industrial society of the present time: the disappearance of human beings in their social functions. For this reason artists are to be either controlled or banished from the Platonic state: Art, as free play, at once intellectual and sensuous, might recall men from their specialised roles to the enjoyment of their

* *Plato Today*. By R. H. S. CROSSMAN. New edition. *Allen & Unwin*. 20s

full humanity; the enjoyment of art, therefore, is in its nature subversive.

It may seem strange that generations of English undergraduates were expected to approach the harsh political philosophy of the Republic with reverence, until Mr Crossman began to destroy this special atmosphere, in which Plato was connected with the great public schools, and with the idea of leadership, in a haze of Christian sentiment. The explanation is not altogether to be found in Plato's literary and philosophical genius, in the subtleties and extravagance of his arguments. The idea of the superior man, who is detached from physical desires and worldly interests, became after Plato part of the Christian tradition and has remained so ever since. In Britain at least, the implication of this idea was that the ruling class, selected both by circumstances of birth and by ability, must receive a superior literary education, which will segregate the born rulers from the executive grade in government and from the mere artisans and workers; and this was Plato's prescription. Even in 1937 an undergraduate might not have found the prescription altogether strange and remote from his experience. Even if in 1959 the political conclusions have finally been discredited by Professor Popper and Mr Crossman, we still limp along with some remnants of the old Platonic psychology, as half-hearted, because fastidious, defenders of democracy. We still inconsistently hope that a fully democratic society will preserve the culture typical of an aristocracy, because there is no clear image of an alternative. Perhaps Mr Crossman will return to the attack as a philosopher, if he is willing to be persuaded that strictly philosophical assumptions and opinions do enter seriously into political choices, even in England, and that there is still a need to connect a theory of classes in the state with a theory of knowledge in the individual. In 1937 the emphasis naturally fell on the lessons of experience and the need to attend to them rather than to shelter behind academic walls. The walls are now known not to be shelters and we have had some of the experience that Mr Crossman predicted. An interpretation of this experience is needed which challenges the Republic at its philosophical starting-point.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

Elegy

Remember, this moon, the blond
Harvester of crabs, who long
A pilgrim of silence, cold
Across the arresting waves
Unchained his tongue.

There for a sandfall the gannet
Restrained his parley, the wave
Raised a bright finger, the whale
Bulked in blue peace, while he
Rehearsed his epitaph.

Never a salt bell spilled
Such pangs of rapture; until
Ringed by the cold angels
He dropped through nets and ploughshares
To the cold-eyed sexton, the gull.

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN

Stalingrad

Stalingrad: Point of Return. By RONALD SETH. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Everyone knows of Paulus and his Sixth Army. But who was the victor of Stalingrad? It was Chuikov's 62nd Army, yet not one Englishman in a thousand could tell you so. The immensity of the German defeat has somehow overshadowed the miracle of the Russian recovery, and although Stalingrad is still a name to which toasts are drunk on Anglo-Russian occasions, the Russians have been curiously reticent about it. Mr Seth has done something to fill the gap. Having prodded Bulganin himself for permission to write up the Russian story of the battle, he was eventually allowed to visit Stalingrad and interview many of the survivors. He spent hours guiding their memories from shell-hole to shell-hole, picking out here and there an incident to illustrate a whole phase of the battle, a single Hero of the Soviet Union to typify an Army Corps. It is a good method, for nobody, not even a professional military historian, which Mr Seth does not claim to be, could have given a coherent account of the fighting within the city, when it consisted not of neat manœuvres but of sudden sallies through the ruins by hundreds of small and separate assault groups. In particular, he has told us how supplies and reinforcements were ferried across the Volga to the tiny Russian pockets on the west bank which the Germans never managed to eliminate. This is fascinating information, and thanks to Mr Seth's initiative, it has now been recorded in detail for western readers. It is only a pity that his account is unillustrated.

In outlining the wider story – of the German advance from Don to Volga, of the Russian counter-attack through the Rumanian divisions, of the failure of Manstein's attempt to relieve the encircled army from the south – Mr Seth has relied primarily upon published German sources. There is Heinz Schröter's account, originally written on the instructions of Goebbels, but rejected by him as 'intolerable for the German people': and Manstein's own Memoirs, written in British captivity after the war. These chapters of Mr Seth's book, though insufficiently mapped, are well constructed, and in them he rightly abandons his Stalingrad pinpoint method for the more classic form of military narrative of the movements of great masses of troops over vast distances. He raises once again the two central questions of the Stalingrad campaign: Why did both sides attach such immense importance to this remote city? And was Paulus right to have obeyed Hitler's direct order not to attempt a break-out once he was surrounded?

Stalingrad was for both sides a symbol and a strategic key. In 1918, when it was called Tsaritsyn, Stalin fought here, and later gave it his name. It was the only point, except near its source north of Moscow, where the Germans reached the Volga, and every Russian considered that once the Volga was crossed, the vitals of his country would be exposed. It was therefore one of the three places – Moscow and Leningrad were the others – where the German advance must be halted, and the legend of German invincibility destroyed, if Russia was to survive. Hitler, for the same reasons in reverse, soon realised that Stalingrad presented him with a supreme test of moral as well as of military strength, like Cassino in Italy or Bastogne in Belgium. Initially he also had a good strategic reason for devoting

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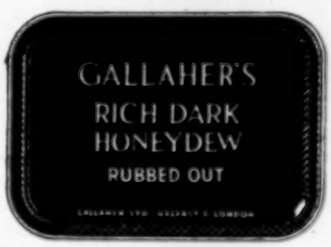
RICH DARK HONEYDEW



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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

so great a part of his resources to its capture. It protected the simultaneous thrust of his southernmost Army Group towards the Caucasus, and it was an important centre of tank production, the third industrial centre in all Russia.

There was thus little basically wrong with the German strategy. Their tactics, too, were sound. Stalingrad could have been captured in the first twenty-four hours, if the infantry had closed up more quickly with the leading tanks. By desperate improvisation, and a sudden recovery of their morale, the Red Army held on to a tenth part of the straggling town, and made these few square miles the bridgehead from which they eventually reconquered the whole of eastern Europe. But if the plan appeared to have miscarried, there was no hint at first of these disastrous consequences. There was no reason to believe that the Sixth Army could not gradually gnaw its way through to occupy the whole western bank of the Volga and then cross the river into the limitless steppes beyond. Hitler's mistake was to underestimate the Russians' capacity to mount a double pincer movement on an enormous scale around the town at the same time as they continued the war of attrition in its steets, and to ignore the warning of his generals that a blow was likely to fall where his line was weakest, on his allied divisions to the north. When the Rumanians and Hungarians broke, there were no reserves. In three days the Sixth Army was cut off.

Then Hitler made his second mistake. He refused to allow Paulus to break out in the direction of Manstein's relieving forces. Every commentator on this great battle, and Mr Seth is only the latest of them, agrees that this was an occasion when a German soldier should have disobeyed his Supreme Commander. Even Paulus, as his former interpreter told Mr Seth, considered in his last years that 'Hitler was a maniac', implying that history had already formed the correct verdict, and that if he had the chance again, he would have accepted Manstein's broad hint to break out in spite of Hitler's superior orders.

It is a fascinating story. Mr Seth has made nearly the most of it with his big clean stitches. He scorns finer writing, but if ever there was a time for it, the epic quality of Stalingrad might have excused him.

NIGEL NICOLSON

HMSO

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Display and Camouflage

Selected Poems. 1928-1958. By STANLEY KUNITZ. *Dent.* 15*s.*

A Matter of Life and Death. By ANNE RIDLER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Loaves and Fishes. By GEORGE MACKAY BROWN. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Silence and Music. By URSULA VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Poets, like other wild creatures, survive either through display or camouflage. You do not shoot peacocks, and you do not shoot a creature of almost the same shape and colour as yourself. Camouflage, the relaxed conversational tone, is very much the current mode, and I think that Mr Kunitz's sudden success, on both sides of the Atlantic, may be due to a secret yearning among critics for peacocks' tails. He is not really a modern poet at all, but rather a singularly uncontaminated survival of the first decadence of the romantic tradition. He comes straight out of what Poe took from Shelley (the shrill, unearthly note) and what Baudelaire made of Poe (caressive morbidity, *miaulement, frisson*). His poems are full of Shelleyan phrases like 'fallen from my prime', 'sweet passionate young thought', 'the bow of light's eternal form.' The modern world comes in merely as a symbolic equation for the old romantic interior malaise. Love is always linked with death, genius with suffering, the artist's fate with isolation and being misunderstood: the poet is the Poet, the poet is even Hamlet. The rhythms seem to me orotund rather than sensitive, and the diction often suggests a good translation from the French. I cannot in fact see Mr Kunitz (though here I differ from more distinguished judges than myself) as a major contemporary figure. But there is a kind of energy and largeness in the recurrent effort to turn the rich self-pity and self-admiration of decadent romanticism outwards:

> What the deep heart means,
> Its message of the big, round, childish hand,
> Its wonder, its simple lonely cry,
> The bloodied envelope addressed to you,
> Is history, that wide and mortal pang.

No wide and mortal pangs for Mrs Ridler: intimations of immortality, rather, and the narrow exactness of domestic joy and grief. She is well camouflaged, not the poet as Poet, but the poet as gentlewoman; as wife, mother, daughter, John Piperish evoker of landscape (as in a fine poem here about Lyme Regis), connoisseur of the hidden Christian sweetness in the ancient heathen myth. The title poem, an ambitious and moving one, is like Hopkins's 'The Leaden and the Golden Echo': about the wonderful unselfconscious beauty of a child, which must be grown out of, because the child must grow towards meeting and knowing its own beauty again in eternity. For the reader stained with the world, is there too much nice feeling, too much about happy families, too much cosiness with God, too great a readiness to point the moral? There is a wild creature, still, under the camouflage, to be caught in the ripple and fall the sea freshness, of lines like these:

> Naked I seemed to be wound with heavy clothing:
> The air pressed me back:
> The more I ran, the more I seemed immovable,
> And your fingers, greedy like the foam fingers
> That rush to grasp the rocks, were reaching after me. . . .

With Mr Mackay Brown, background is subject. He is an Orcadian, owing much to Edwin Muir, and expert like Muir in shifts between fable and story, myth and landscape. A poem about Troy, a little excessively reminiscent of Muir's legendary poems, gains freshness, for instance, from the bracketed line here,

> . . . the spoilers marched
> To rouse their ships from ten years' arid slumber
> (Each prow was buried deep in floating seapinks).

Certain elegiac poems of character like 'The Death Bird', 'Halcro', 'The Shining Ones' owe less to Muir and have a very promising personal tang of their own. Mr Mackay Brown grows on one. Mrs Vaughan Williams might grow on one, if one could give her enough time. The silence at the heart of her work, the spiritual vision, is hard to get at because the music, for my ear at least, is too thin and faint. The diction is plain and dignified, but tired; the rhythms,

> Silence, come first: I see a sleeping swan,
> wings closed and drifting where the water leads,

lack zest and surprise. Yet there is something which never quite surfaces, and which must be respected.

G. S. FRASER

Resurrection Men at Work

New Orleans Sketches. By WILLIAM FAULKNER *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 15*s.*

On 31 October, 1924, William Faulkner, aged 26, late of the Royal Canadian Air Force and newly the author of *The Marble Faun*, a volume of verse, no longer willing, as he has since said, to be at the beck and call of any sonofabitch with the price of two cents for a stamp, resigned his position as postmaster at the University of Mississippi. A few months later, he lighted out for New Orleans, where he stayed six months before going to Europe. Certainly he cannot be accused of lack of industry during those six months, for during that time he contributed a group of short sketches to *The Double Dealer*, a local literary magazine to which Sherwood Anderson, Djuna Barnes, Ransom, Tate, Penn Warren, Hemingway, Pound, Cowley and Edmund Wilson contributed, and sixteen short stories to the *Times-Picayune*, the New Orleans daily. Now Professor Carvel Collins, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has dug them out and published them with an introduction in which he busily relates them to Faulkner's later work.

In themselves, even after Professor Collins has done his industrious best, they don't amount to much, but it is the fate of men of genius to have their juvenilia exhumed from decent obscurity in the name of scholarship. This time, it is the haste with which the exhumation has been done that seems indecent. Most readers will probably have to grip their chairs as they read and mutter 'But of course he *is* a man of genius', if they are to get through to the end. There are no promises of genius in this collection, which consist for the most part of highly sentimental, highly roman-

ticised sketches of bums, hobos, New Orleans types, and young men who remind the young Mr Faulkner of Christ. There are, of course, faint adumbrations of the later Faulkner: a story about an idiot into which, in the light of *The Sound and Fury*, it is easy to read significance; a couple of short stories which vaguely point to *The Hamlet* as early exercises in the characteristic Southern humour of the tall story; and most interesting of all, what seems a deliberate imitation of Conrad on his own ground, or perhaps one should say in his own seas.

If this were all, one would have to conclude that Faulkner worked hard to very little purpose in New Orleans. But it is not all; and he worked immeasurably harder. The important thing about his six months in New Orleans is not that he wrote these pieces there but that, even while these sketches were appearing, he was finishing his first novel *Soldiers' Pay*. Since it is not part of the Yoknapatawpha saga it has been neglected of late. But it is one of the most brilliant first novels ever published and it remains full of unforgetable scenes and passages. If Faulkner had written nothing else it would have been enough to give him a place in American literature; and the fact that he was writing it simultaneously with these pieces puts *New Orleans Sketches* in its true perspective: as a collection of marginalia.

According to Professor Collins, there is yet more Faulkner juvenilia to be disinterred from the files of the undergraduate magazines of the University of Mississippi – stories, poems, plays. There is no need to worry: we shan't have long to wait. Ten to one the Burkes and Hares of scholarship are already on the job.

WALTER ALLEN

Government in America

The American Federal Government. By MAX BELOFF. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

The American Science of Politics. By BERNARD CRICK. *Routledge.* 28s.

It is a generous article of faith among Americans that the best interpretations of their country are by Europeans. Perhaps this *ought* to be so, for a well-informed European in theory has both a necessary degree of detachment and a comparative basis for judgment. The names of Tocqueville and Bryce, and that of Denis Brogan in our century, immediately come to mind. But it is hard to think of other, recent names. The European observer of the United States usually writes too hastily and superficially; or clings to an *a priori* version of American reality; or, if he stays long enough, adopts so many American assumptions that his work becomes indistinguishable from that of his American colleagues.

But if these two new books by Englishmen are any criterion, it looks as though we foreigners may justify expectation after all. The two studies differ widely in scope and style, yet each in its way is knowledgeable, good-natured and penetrating. Each is a mature and original contribution. Professor Beloff's little volume, in the Home University Library, is much more than a textbook, though he does incidentally impart a great deal of information. He offers a condensed essay on those aspects of American government which are of primary interest to Europeans. Since these are also of crucial importance to contemporary Americans, his is a most timely account of the way in which the mechanisms of 1789 have evolved into those of 1959. While he offers no glib remedies, he concludes that the system has not evolved enough. It has its own strengths, which he is far from underrating. But the federal government, he argues, is administratively overburdened; a 'squalor of honest men' rather than a coherent 'power élite', it suffers from lack of leadership, mediocrity in personnel, and constant compromise arrived at for the wrong reasons.

Professor Beloff notes that not much constructive criticism has been provided by American political scientists: they have been preoccupied with 'the application to politics of the so-called behavioural sciences'. This preoccupation is the subject of Dr Crick's cheerfully ferocious volume, in which he deplores the notion that there can or ought to be a truly scientific science of political behaviour. He is not the first person to criticise the 'scientism' of the social 'sciences'; such criticism has been widespread in the United States, as he himself admits, and it might have been useful if he had attempted to estimate just how dominant this fashion of thinking is in American departments of political science. What distinguishes Dr Crick's work – distinguishes in more than one sense – is its combination of hardheaded analysis with imaginative sympathy. He is rigorous and to me convincing in his refutation of the ideas of Harold Lasswell and other behavioural practitioners. But he grasps what they are saying; and he manages to beat down their arguments without resorting to alternative, conventional American modes of thought. He sees the weaknesses of the 'New Conservatism', and the feebleness of old-style American political philosophy as expounded in the universities.

His book has a few minor faults. He is sometimes a sucker for an aphorism, and the early chapters – in which he develops a historical genealogy of 'scientism' – are not always sharply relevant. But his genealogy is brilliantly perceptive, and just. Here, with an outsider's insight, Dr Crick traces the continuance of underlying American beliefs in Progress and in Democracy. They become synonymous with 'Americanism' itself, and with 'Science' (or, more precisely, Technology). For the Progressive reformer, political science meant the gathering of 'facts', in the confident hope that the facts would speak for themselves. For the later, Lasswell generation, political science gained additional, 'therapeutic' qualities: show the body politic how it had departed from the healthy norm and it would return to health. Dr Crick sees signs of a revulsion from this extreme doctrine. In defending American politics so ably against its own professional interpreters, he may well prove a powerful agent in the revolt against the high-minded folly of the more *outré* 'scientists'.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Cornish Story

A History of Cornwall. By F. E. HALLIDAY. *Duckworth.* 30s.

'Pes myll der eus a lemma de Londres?' ('How many miles is it from here to London?'), wrote Andrew Borde in a handy book of languages for the English traveller abroad, and this included Cornwall, in 1547. Fortunately for the Cornishman, the phrase is now reversed, and to travel the 300 miles from London to Land's End, Mr Halliday also reminds us in his admirable history, is to 'travel also in time, back towards our beginning, at an average rate of a million years for every mile'.

The modern war-cry 'China-clay, char, and char-à-bancs' has replaced the ancient toast of 'Fish, tin, and copper'. The great pilchard shoals departed, and with them the days of vast export to the Catholic markets of the Mediterranean. Tin mining, after periods of fantastic prosperity, an all-time record in low working conditions, and the wildest of exploitation, declined to a shade of its former self. And the spectacular production of copper (two-thirds of the world's supply at the height of Cornwall's nineteenth-century prosperity), when the county contained 'the richest square mile of ground in the Old World', was slowly to grow as exhausted as the bodies of those finally buried in the tin-mining parish of St Just in the far west in 1850: average age, male and female, twenty-seven. Even worse, we read in a splendidly marshalled portrait of this dreadful era, were conditions in the copper district of St Cleer, in the east, when by 1860 the average age of those buried was under twenty-two.

Writing in the previous century, William Beckford, far from *Vathek* and Fonthill, remarked that not only gin, but Methodism 'has been of no trifling service in diverting the attention of these sons of darkness from their present condition to the glories of the life to come'. And it is here, too, that Mr Halliday puts his finger unerringly on the grisly origins of the Cornish piskey: 'No wonder,' he observes drily, 'the mines were thought to be haunted by "knackers", mischievous elves who were said to be spirits of Jews who crucified the Lord.'

Mr Halliday seizes and overpowers the struggling, slithering squid of Cornish history from stone age to atom with the brisk and brilliant air of some skin-diving poet from the London School of Economics. His firm, well-informed prose probes not only native but visitor alike: the 'leaf- and millstone-sailing saints' and the young architect Thomas Hardy arriving at Launceston by train one afternoon in March, 1870, on his way to

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work on the restoration of St Juliot church, near Boscastle. It is a pity that his account of the first half of the twentieth century seems less than complete. There is little, for example, of the story of Cornwall's ports and harbours during the second world war; nothing of the miserable prosecution of Frieda and D. H. Lawrence as suspected enemy spies during the first, when they were forced to leave for an unprohibited area, Lawrence with 'the immobile face of a crucified Christ'. Ben Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth are mentioned; not the native-born Alfred Wallis or Peter Lanyon. No place is found for a word from Cornwall's platoon of poets, imported or otherwise: Bottrall, W. S. Graham, Grigson, Betjeman, Rowse, Clemo. And the omission of the tragic story of that brilliant sculptor Nevill Northey Burnard of Altarnun (died at Redruth Infirmary in 1878) seems to me a sad oversight.

The chronological appendix begins c. 7000 B.C. with the Mesolithic period and ends with a curious crash on the buffers at 1928 ('First Cornish Gorsedd'). But the continuously scholarly and sparkling text, illuminated by excellent photographs and maps, suggests that Mr Halliday does not really believe (with the authors of an even more celebrated volume) that History has come to an end.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Crime by the Dozen

Shadow of Guilt. By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Practise to Deceive. By FRANCIS RICHARDS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Stranglehold. By HARRY CARMICHAEL. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Three Cousins Die. By JOHN RHODE. *Geoffrey Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Scandal at High Chimneys. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Count of Nine. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fifth Caller. By HELEN NIELSEN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death Takes a Wife. By ANTHONY GILBERT. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Venetian Blind. By WILLIAM HAGGARD. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Murder is Catching. By MILO AINSWORTH. *Hammond Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ossian's Ride. By FRED HOYLE. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Death Watch. By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The summer list of detection and thrillers caters for an unexacting public in holiday mood and rarely contains any outstanding items. This year, however, there is one notable entry. The eleven works to be briefly discussed contain a modicum of either ingenuity or excitement and are passably well written, but *Shadow of Guilt* puts them all out of countenance and is the one book nobody in their senses should miss. The scene is New York, where the narrator, a successful business man in his thirties, is living on tenterhooks between his wife and his mistress, while waiting to broach a well-bred divorce 'without causing too much havoc for everybody'. Enter a handsome young villain who proceeds to cause too much havoc for everybody, and then exits with a couple of bullets through his body, leaving a pile of compromising ashes in the grate. Who shot him? Suspicion ranges farther and wider than in any previous Patrick Quentin: in fact, there is no character, barring Lieutenant Trant, who can be safely exonerated. The psychology is credible; the plot is as neat as a new pin; and the style is so smooth, unpretentious and colloquial that the 200 pages rush past without granting pause for reflection. If one could break off for a minute one might tot up the clues. Even so, only readers familiar with the ambivalence of earlier Patrick Quentins may get an inkling of the solution in store for them.

Practise to Deceive gives itself away by its title. The murder of a rich much-married woman in a motel in commuter country near New York occurs in hurricane weather. The plot is elaborately timed, yet not at all baffling; and the book is agreeably written in a feminine manner and provides a nice, easy solution. The detective's love interest intrudes unwarrantably in the performance of his duties, but it will need a very odd reader to fall in love with *him*.

Stranglehold ensues when a pretty lady finds an unwelcome duster round her neck, while sitting in her car semi-conscious with drink and concussion in the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells. Mr Carmichael thus launches out on one of those long Crime Club rigmaroles which gets more and more fantastic as it ploughs along. After immense huffing and puffing by John Piper, the solution is lamely reached by the criminal's confession. There are occasional surprises, but readers must anticipate a laborious investigation not very richly rewarded.

Three Cousins Die exhibits our old friend Mr Rhode, and his old friend Dr Priestley, in one of their entertaining but less original moments. The cousins are in business together and get mangled or murdered one after the other. We may fancy we have met something of this sort before – and so we have: the plot has been in continual use for at least the last 25 years. If the conscientious Jimmy Waghorn had been reading Agatha Christie instead of pounding a beat he would have solved this case in a trice: it's as easy as ABC.

Scandal at High Chimneys exhibits another old friend indulging in his passion for fancy dress. A Victorian squire in his spooky mansion is shot dead just as he is about to tell all to a lawyer friend. Lavish use is made of period trimmings supplied by Mayhew's *Underworld*, but the plot – ! Thunderation! to use Mr Carr's favourite expression of astonishment and incredulity.

The Count of Nine, where a Californian explorer receives a dart from a blow-gun in his chest, sends Donald Lam off into his usual routine, holding off the police with one hand and messing about with undressed blondes with the other. The pace is good but the gradient is not severe, and for most of the time Erle Stanley Gardner can be plainly discerned free-wheeling.

In *The Fifth Caller* a lady psychotherapist is done to death one Californian afternoon in her study. Miss Nielsen is a well-educated writer and makes great play with subtle psychology, whenever she gets the chance. But the wise reader who wishes to solve the case expeditiously can disregard the probe into personality and be content to keep a sharp eye on the clock.

To marry a man who has been accused of murdering his first wife puts a woman straight into the clutches of detection writers. Anthony Gilbert revels in the situation; and the heroine of *Death Takes a Wife* would have been past praying for, if the deplorable Mr Crook had not rushed to her assistance. The plot is transparent; but there are a dash of excitement and a rollicking narrative style to jolly the reader along.

Venetian Blind and *Murder is Catching* are what publishers delight in calling sophisticated thrillers, which means that the authors have done their homework with Ian Fleming. Mr Haggard's book revolves round the betrayal of nuclear secrets, Milo Ainsworth's round a batch of incriminating letters. The women are sexy, the men, of course, imperturbable, and satisfaction can be guaranteed provided the reader can relax in that environment.

Ossian's Ride projects us into the year 1970, when strange scientists are engaged on mysterious business in County Kerry and the hero, after infinite difficulties, ferrets out their secrets. The writing is wildly amateurish and the scientific fantasies of a brilliant astronomer like Mr Hoyle make the future look worse than ever.

Death Watch contains two tough suspense stories written in staccato magazine American with happy endings in love and kisses. One may be ashamed to read such stuff, yet the competence of the authors invests it with some shoddy glamour.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Toughies

Child of the Twenties. By FRANCES DONALDSON. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

A Smile for the Past. By BERTA RUCK. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Life is for Living. By ELIZABETH STUCLEY. *Blond.* 16*s.*

From these three books, one gets the impression that England is crammed with writing women. How tough they are, how managing, how much more capably (being of the U tinge) they ride the welfare state than do men of their kind and class. Even Miss Berta Ruck, who may seem tender, and who endears herself by saying 'All my stories end happily, and always will, because I like it that way' – even Miss Ruck has her record of 150 novels dictated and latterly written by hand: no soft life. This is the age of tough gentlewomen and distressed gentlemen.

Mrs Donaldson is the best writer of the three, and besides childhood – or rather childhood enlarged – she has one splendid subject: her father, Frederick Lonsdale, already the subject of an earlier book. Once again, this lively, impossible, and to her irresistible man draws a magnet over the first half of the book with his passion for changing house and soaring out of the hard-up to the high royalties. *The Maid of the Mountains* made them all rich. They basked in the country house and on the sunny *côte*; fame, night after night, shone upon them in the most famous night-club – or rather upon Freddy and his daughter, for in this 'Life With Father' Mummy had retired, understandably discomfited. All this is very racy of the Twenties. A marriage brings only mention of horses. Then came a break in the author's life, with conversion to the Left Book Club, a second marriage, the idealism of the Peckham Experiment. There's a Life-is-real, Life-is-earnest charm about this development, if as entertainment the raffish little gay life bids higher. Perhaps it's wrong to class Mrs Donaldson as U. Her father switchbacked her from suburb to 'highlif,' bailiffs to curtain calls with a Bohemian ardour; and her settling down to a glowing sobriety, though it cuts the book in two, seems natural and laudable.

Through eighty years Miss Berta Ruck has known no such heart-change or new road, once the path to Romantic Fiction (by sheer hard work, let it be said) had been found. Of course to relish *A Smile for the Past* one should have read Miss

Ruck, or at least some of her; I'm sorry to say I've read none. But how the titles beckon! *Sir or Madame, The Unkissed Bride* and *Half-past Kissing Time, You Are the One, Tomboy in Lace, Lucky in Love*: no wonder they collected fan-mail, and some eminent fans, of whom Sir Ray Lankester was the doughtiest. Miss Ruck's account of her friendship with him during the last years provides the best of her unforced memories. Her book is scrappy and lively; war begins on one page and ends on the next; she picks up the latest jargon but adheres to her old world; she loves the Welsh hills in which she was born, dictation (for which she can no longer find the amanuensis), RAs, India in the old time, army men, and '00'–Mr Oliver Onions, her higher-browed husband who remains so modestly yet unwaveringly in the background of success. There's a directness as well as a naivety about Miss Ruck, and one ends thinking, Well really I must try a Ruck: she may be the last of that famous line numbering Corelli, Henry Wood, Glyn.

Outwardly toughest of the lot, U-est, verging on fiction, Miss Elizabeth Stucley takes to autobiography with a transatlantic zip, though she is English-what-ho to the core. She sees the joke of being so, and enjoys it. Quite shamelesly she confesses to having thought of Hitler as a Boy Scout till late 1938. She whams into war; drives trucks and nurses babies in France, catches the last boat home; deserts, slips through the Blitz, flees the call-up. None could be better at foiling a wicked marquis and making him wild fun. Miss Stucley is six-foot tall, and according to her own account, without inhibitions. She can be very funny, and has talents in various directions of which the autobiographical slice is not least. A volume preceded this; and the last sentence leads straight to the next. Nothing, we may be sure, will keep her down.

G. W. STONIER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,539 **Set by William Salter**

New lines in winemanship are badly needed. For example, of some Spanish Burgundy: 'I think you'll find this drinkable. Possibly not up to the eleven-plus standard, but definitely Secondary Modern A stream!' The usual prizes for the best set of three such ploys. Entries by 1 September.

Result of No. 1,536 **Set by Schnorkel**

The usual prizes are offered for an Underwater Poem. Limit, 16 lines.

Report

It was disappointing to find so many competition-type parodies, when here was a chance to be original. And there are few enough poems written about the underwater for one to feel surprised that its language should be so hackneyed. (Is there nothing to rhyme with 'coelacanth', except 'amaranth'?)

The fish's-eye view was rare, but produced some of the best entries. I particularly liked H. B. McCaskie's pompous club-man trout:

I weigh three pounds at least, and can you not
  Imagine that, in growing to my size,
I have acquired the faculty to spot
  Your–please forgive me–very clumsy flies?

Of course I have; I know them every one,
  Their fancy names, the dressings that you use
For Blue-winged Olive or Pale Watery Dun,
  For sedges, spinners, Tups and Iron Blues.

Valerie Minogue produced a nice line in piscine contempt, and Livingstone K. Bluntmore a good antidote to Ruper Brooke's 'Heaven'.

Rhoda Tuck Pook, Eileen M. Haggitt and J. E. Cherry only just missed prizes. Two guineas each to Gloria Prince (after E. E. Cummings) and Adrienne Gascoigne; a guinea to Jeremiah Sowerby.

finny fish lived in a merry wet thrive
(with up so floating very down dive)
hookday hotday spawntime spring
he munched his maggots he fared his fling

weed gleam water reed
she laid their eggs and he found their feed
scum by under and ooze by sky
they danced in damp what they dreamed all dry

shallows sparkle and young survive
(with up so floating very down dive)
they sought their mating and met their search
rock by minnow and wreck by perch

they loved their living nor cared at all
spawn springtime hookday fall
cave by starlight noon by stream
weed reed water gleam

GLORIA PRINCE

The pilchard, parent of the true sardine,
  Spawned where the tropical blue Gulf Stream swirled
  Rhythmic arcs, and indigo waters curled
And curved round Arctic currents bottle-green;
Familiar once with fauna strange, marine,
  Hexagonally celled, shelled, fluted, whorled,
  Pearled oysters, and the branching fronds unfurled
Of the sargassum fish, the Pterophryne;
Moving in silvery motion, then, between
  Tall yielding walls of glassy water hurled
In single deep-sea waves across the world,
Or plunging free in darker depths serene–
Now, with its rhythm frozen in a curve,
Static, it's ringed in tin, 'Ready to serve'.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

It could be
That three-dimensional sea-sickness
Affects the emotions rather than the digestion;
But I feel terrible.

I can't think why I came here,
To exchange slow unintelligible gestures
With people who like myself
Would probably swap it all for a cigarette.

Was it because 'skin-diving'
Has vaguely sensual overtones,
Or has "The Water Babies"
Become part of the national subconscious?

I suppose we could always colonise the sea;
At least we know that fishes are inferior;
Though I must say that that one over there
Is giving me a very bolshie look.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

CITY LIGHTS
Taurus is on holiday.

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COMPANY MEETING

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

RECORD TRADING RESULTS

The 32nd annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on 14 August in London, Sir Philip Warter (the Chairman) presiding.

In his statement which had been circulated to Members, Sir Philip said that the Trading results of the Group for the year under review constituted a record in the history of the Corporation. In view of the excellent results the Board was proposing a final dividend of 40%, less tax, making a total of 60%, less tax, for the year.

He added: The various sections of the business are so interdependent that it has never been thought advisable to publish a break-down of the trading profit, but because of the rapid and successful growth of ABC Television Limited and the uncertainty in some quarters about the future of the cinema industry in the face of television competition, we have thought that stockholders would wish to know that in the year under review £3,050,692 of the trading profits of the Group was contributed by television and £2,384,030 came from the Production, Distribution and Cinema Exhibition side.

The average annual trading profit of the Corporation over the four years prior to our entry into television was £2,402,489, so it will be seen that the film side of our business is holding its own and in consequence the profitability of our principal investment is being maintained.

Trading profits of the Group amounted to £5,434,722 as against £3,490,994 last year. The Net Profit of the Group before Taxation was £4,745,029, compared with £2,823,575 last year.

The Elstree Studios have been fully used during the year. Altogether nine feature films were in production at Elstree during this period.

The cinemas of the Group have steadily improved their position throughout the year. Attendances were substantially better than the national average.

ABC Television Limited is in its fourth year as the week-end Programme Company for the Midlands and North of England. Now that ITV is well established and we have a sufficiently large audience to make the medium attractive and economic to the advertiser our problems centre around expanding and improving the standard of our programmes and a considerable reorganisation has gone forward, designed to provide larger and better production facilities.

We were disappointed that the Chancellor's Budget proposals did not refer to Entertainments Duty despite the urgent representations which had been made on this subject. There is growing support for total abolition of this tax. The relief now proposed in this year's Finance Bill is a welcome step towards that objective.

Whilst it is too early to make an assessment of the probable profits of the current year, stockholders should not assume that the record figures of the year under review will be maintained.

The report was adopted.

The Chess Board

No. 510. The Supreme Sacrifice

Every advertising expert knows that we are, most of us, incorrigible suckers for superlatives; and when it comes to sacrificial combinations in chess there is nothing to equal the thrill of a Queen-sacrifice. To gain some slight but ultimately decisive positional advantage by the subtle offer of a pawn may well be very much better chess than flinging one's pieces about in the course of some fairly obvious mating combination. Yet, if those pieces happen to include the Queen we find some irresistible magic in so "supreme" a sacrifice. Take this position achieved by Witcovsci in a Polish tournament six years ago: /6r1/p4rkp/3RQ1kt1/1pp1p1B1/2p1P3/2P3R1/P4qPK/8/, and see how elegantly White forced the issue by Q x P ch, exposing the King by: . . . Kt x Q and thus preparing the mate by the two pretty double-checks B-B6 and B-Kt7. Now here's a position achieved by Alekhine (Black) when playing eight games blindfold at Odessa in 1918. /r1bqr1k1/1p3ppp/2kt2kt2/6B1/3p4/pP1P1Kt2/PbBKt1QPP/1K1RR3/. Alekhine started the fireworks by the fairly obvious (1) . . . Kt-Q4, and his opponent countered by the relatively best moves. (2) R x R ch, Q x R; (3) Kt-K4, Q x Kt!!; (4) B-Q2, Q-K6!!; (5) R-K1, B-B4!!; (6) R x Q, P x R; (7) Q-B1, P x B; (8) B-Q1, Kt (3)-Kt5 and White is quite helpless against the threat of . . . Kt-B6 mate. Four offers of the Queen, but then there are five of them arising from this position (Mieses-Janowski, Paris 1900): /1k4rr/pb5kt/1qpp2QP/1pb1p3/4P3/1PKtP2Kt1/1PPB4/2K2R1R/. White retains his Q *en prise* by (1) Q-Kt7, but the lady is perfectly taboo on account of . . . R x Q??; (2) P x R, R-Kt1; (3) R x Kt, Q-Q1; (4) Kt-B5! etc.; Hence, Janowski countered by the relatively best move . . . B-B1, and the sequel was: (2) Kt-B5!, B x Kt; (3) R x B, B-Kt5; (4) K-Kt1, B x Kt; (5) P x B, Kt-B1; (6) R(1)-KB1!, Kt-Kt3; (7) Q-Q7, R-Q1; (8) Q-K6, Kt-B5; (9) B x Kt, P x B; (10) R(5) x BP, Q-B4; (11) R-B7, Q-KKt4; (12) R-B8!, and, having scorned five offers of the Queen, Black had to resign after all. As for six successive offers there is, of course, the famous Adams-Torre game which most of my readers should be quite familiar with; but there's a rather less well-known position won by one Varein in 1894 and dug out by Dr. H. M. Reinle for *Schach-Echo:* /r1b1kb1r/ppq1kt2p/2pkt2p1/4Kt3/3PKt3/5Q2/PPP2PPP/R1B1R1K1/. After (1) Q-B7 ch!! the lady is, of course, untouchable on account of Kt-B6 ch, followed by Kt x Kt mate; hence (1) . . . K-Q1; (2) Kt-B6! Q-Kt3 (best); (3) B-B4!!, Kt(2)-B4 (best); (4) Q-K8 ch!! K-B2; (5) Kt-B7!, B-Kt2 (best); (6) Kt x Kt!, and now if the Kt recaptures Black is mated by B x Kt ch and Q-K5; hence (6) . . . R x Q; (7) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Q1; (8) R x R mate.

The 4-pointer should be easy enough for beginners when I add that a Q-sacrifice is involved. Black played . . . Q-K5. How was he punished? **B,** a draw and **C** a win (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are pretty examples of Queens doing well or not so well.

A: *Kotov,* 1946: /R1R5/1r3ppk/4p1qp/3pP3/1r3PP1/7P/1P1Q3K/8/.

B: *Klatzkin,* 1925: /5R2/4K3/5P2/4k1pp/1Pp5/2P1P2P/1P3q1P/8/.

C: *Reti,* 1925: /16/2Q5/2K5/4Kt3/6p1/k5q1/8/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 31 August.

REPORT On No. 507. Set 1 August

A: (1) R-QKt3, K-K8 (best); (2) R-Kt1 ch, KxP; (3) R-Kt1!, KxR; (4) R-B3, K-Q8; (5) R-B1 mate.

B: (1) P-QKt4!, K-K8 (best); (2) R-QKt3, K-B8; (3) R-Kt1 ch, KxP; (4) K-K2, KxP; (5) K-B1!, K-R8; (6) R-R3 mate.

C: (1) KxR ch, K-R2; (2) K-Kt5, K-R1; (3) K-Kt6, PxP; (4) K-B5, PxP; (5) K-K4, PxP; (6) K-Q5, K-Kt1; (7) KxP ch, K-R1; (8) K-K4 mate.

D: (1) P-Q3, (2) K-Q2, (3) K-K3, (4) Kt-Q2, (5) P-QB4, (6) P-KKt4, (7) B-Kt2, (8) B-KB3, (9) Kt-KR3, (10) P-Kt3, (11) B-QKt2, (12) Kt-Kt5 ch, BxKt mate.

E: (1) Kt (6)-B7!, P—Kt ch!; (2) K-Kt2, Kt-Kt6!; (3) KxKt, B-K6!; (4) B-R2, B-Kt8; (5) B-B4!, B-K6; (6) Kt-Kt6, BxKt; (7) B-Q2 mate. If (4) . . . B-B5; (5) Kt-Kt6, BxB; (6) Kt-B4 mate.

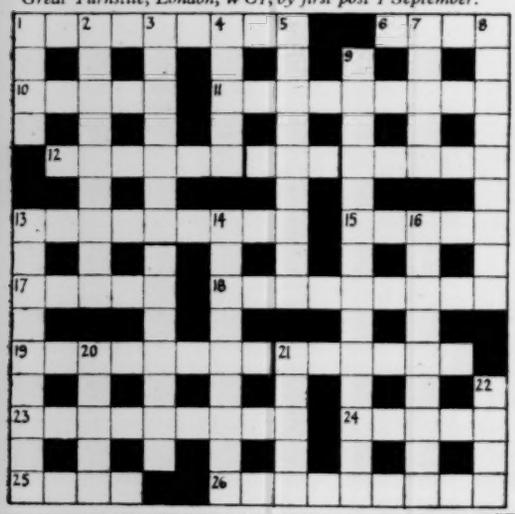
F: (1) Kt-Kt3 ch!, K-R5; (2) K-Kt2, BP—Q ch; (3) KxQ, B-K5!; (4) Kt-R1!, BxKt; (5) B-R3!, B-B3; (6) B-Kt2!, BxB; (7) P-Q7, P—Q ch; (8) K-R2!! and draws. But (1) K-Kt2?? refuted by . . . BP—Q ch; (2) KxQ, P—Q and wins.

Quite a few top-scores. Alternatives for **D** accepted. Prizes: **O.** Abrahams, W. H. L. Brooking, J. P. Ford, J. R. Harman, A. J Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 367

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 367, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 1 September.



ACROSS

1. The artist has to study horses (9).
6. Reproduced in a cheap edition (4).
10. Middle-aged drink (5).
11. To abbreviate I omit changes between the letter and the postal district (9).
12. Where the top people are not progressive (6, 3, 5).
13. Mixed sport honours the coach's instruments (9).
15. Try to catch one of our ancestors (5).
17. Publication dispute (5).
18. Situations in which most of the evil is in drinks (9).
19. Good quality which may be of trivial durance (8, 6).
23. Speed in the preparation of plates for publications (9).
24. Esau was such a man (5).
25. School which gives you a mark back (4).
26. Bob with a friend strikes the rascals (9).

DOWN

1. Pistol represented by an inexperienced player (4).
2. Coloured people finally have powers to leave (9).
3. The sick man's joy is sweet (7, 7).
4. Servicemen in berth give birth (5).
5. An addition to a word which is good in an English essay (9).
7. 'Newton, with his —— and silent face' (Wordsworth) (5).
8. Man's judges (9).
9. Scholarship for a man of letters? (14).
13. Cripple in altering the basic theory (9).
14. They act again and again as theatrical consumers (9).
16. A world without universal literature, this is the geologist's concern (9).
20. The great lover is capital on love (5).
21. Prospect of weapons with gratitude (5).
22. One or more pros (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 365

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 365

Mrs A. Game (Hadleigh)
D. Holden (Bolton)
W. J. L. Severn (Worcester)

PERSONAL

INFORMED, understanding help, desperately needed for attractive, talented boy (16) 'going wrong'. Prof, backgrnd, fatherless, 1st cl physique, some psycho. dist. Box 10408.

SPAIN. One or two companions (driver preferred) wanted for motor tour from 4 Sept. to 20 Sept. Share expenses. Box 10447.

SHORT-sighted girl aged 20-30 offered TV part. Applicants should wear glasses for cataract or short sight (prescription minus 20 or over) or any unusual type of very strong lens. Acting exp. unnec. Box 10075.

1948 Bedford College gymnast requires post travelling as companion to children. Would help coach tennis, swimming. Previous experience in families. Box 10280.

VACANCY girl mixed party, car tour France, Spain, 26 September. FOX. 1478.

PIED-a-terre available in Richmond. Small but quiet. Bachelor owner. Box 10358.

RUSSIAN Linguaphone records wanted & books. Have for month or buy if price reasonable. Box 10361.

QUIET room in Chiswick offered rent-free in return for help in keeping occasional friendly eye on elderly lady. No domestic chores, and would consider small payment arrangement for Sundays. Box 10299.

CAN anyone help? Artist & wife wish to rent house or huge maisonette or convertible stables at a reasonable price, in London or very near. Box 10059.

HAMPSTEAD gdn flat to let 29 Aug.-19 Sept. 7 gns wkly. SW1. 2433. Box 10388.

PROF. author rewrites or edits books, pamphlets & theses. Confidential. Much better chance of being published. Box 10418.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Blue Card Club, 97 Charing Cross Road, WC2, gets 10% reduction at London Restaurants. 1 gn. yearly. Part-time representatives needed.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Entrance fee suspended during summer. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquire about membership and excursion to Middelheim Sculpture Exhibition to the Secretary.

UNIVERSITY Student parties going to Yugoslavia September-October. £32 10s. 15 days fully inclusive. Who wants to come? Parties led by Oxford & Cambridge undergrads. Write Box 10436.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Re-opening Mon., 24 Aug. Lunches served. Bar closes 7 p.m.

SQUARE & Country Dancing: 11-14 Sept. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 18 Sept. 'Learning a Language: Italian & Russian' & 'Painting Week-end' & 'Bookbinding'.

LESS crowded than the Zoo, and less busy than at Christmas, why don't you bring your children to be photographed now by Anthony Panting at 30 Abbey Gdns, NW8?

HAVE you a nose for news? Whoever you are, whatever you do, there's money in writing for newspapers and the trade press. Start your journalistic career the right way and send for details of personal quick-profits no-nonsense course. Rex Peplow, 30 Fleet Street, London, EC4.

STOP Smoking, Easily! Thousands helped. Free Booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J6, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

PERSONAL—continued

WRITE to sell—once you Know How! No Sales—No Fees tuition shows you how to write for profit. Free subscription to 'The Writer' tells you regularly what editors buy. Send for Free NI 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success', BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

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MARK Gerson, photographer to the world of books and art. Details and price list on request. 16 Woodstock St, Mayfair, W1. MAY. 0609.

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PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet, Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, programmes, etc. Illustrations or original text reproduced. Susan Tully, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAYfair 6093.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Bermerica Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

PERSONAL—continued

BUSINESS lady would like another share home and garden. Permanent. Box 10399.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655, for details.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs. help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Educatour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept. 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

GERMAN language/literature, all levels, native teachers. Preparation for GCE, etc. New elementary courses start 1 September. Register now, Ashley College, GER. 8782.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

RUSKIN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in the field of Industrial Relations and either Economics or Social and Political Theory, starting not later than January 1960. Salary scale £900 × 50 – £1,350 × 75 – £1,650 and £50 family allowance. FSSU. Applications with three references required by 1 September 1959. Full particulars and form from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

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UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an Honours Degree and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching classics, whether in a school or at a university will be a recommendation. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further partics are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applics close in Australia and London on 11 September 1959.

BOROUGH of Dagenham. Old People's Welfare Officer. Applications are invited from women for this superannuable post. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications within the range £610–£765 plus London Weighting (e.g., £30 p.a. at age 26 and over). Candidates should have experience of welfare work, particularly in connection with old people, and the possession of a University Diploma in Social Science or an equivalent qualification would be an advantage. Application forms, together with full details of the post, from the undersigned. Closing date 27/8/59. Keith Lauder, Town Clerk, Civic Centre, Dagenham.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Senior Child Care Officer, salary scale £880–£1,065 (APTD III), and as Child Care Officer, salary scale £765–£880 (APTD II); the senior appointment will probably be in the Tilbury area. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 31 August 1959 to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220-224 London Road, Chelmsford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Child Welfare Officers required for Area Children's Office in Paddington (subject to Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas), to deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers Hampstead, Paddington, St Marylebone, Westminster and St Pancras, but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and foster homes in central Middlesex, Bucks and Northants. Considerable travelling involved, and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Previous experience in child care or allied social work necessary. Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qual. an advantage. Students completing social studies courses invited to apply pending examination results. £665–£965, commencing according to qual. and exp. Promotion opportunities to Senior Child Welfare Officer (£850–£1,185). Applicn forms (returnable by 31 August) and dets from Children's Officer (E.1/1668), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

CARTOGRAPHIC Department of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, requires experienced secretary. Ability to use own initiative is essential in this single-handed job. Please send details marked 'Confidential' to 37A St Giles, Oxford.

SECRETARY, about 23, for Managing Dir. of well-known publishing firm. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

EFFICIENT sh.-typist wanted. Interesting work. No age limit. Box 10276.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAIRDENE and Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey: Psychiatric Social Worker. Use of car, clerical assistance, interesting work. Dets. from Miss Jenkins, PSW. Applics. to Physician Superintendent (with 2 references).

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Vacancy No. 169. Applications invited for Assistant in Public Relations Department, which is concerned with social development in the new town. Suitable post for graduate in one of the social sciences, requiring experience. Salary in range £610–£765 or £370–£595, according to age, qualifications and experience. Conditions of service similar to those in local government: Local Government Superannuation scheme. Applications, endorsed with 'Vacancy No. 169', giving age, education, quals. and exp., with names of two business referees, should reach General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, by 28 August.

THE Family Welfare Association urgently needs Family Caseworkers. Opportunity to work in an atmosphere of freedom and to explore new methods and techniques for social diagnosis and treatment. Practical knowledge of casework and a University qualification essential. Salary according to experience. The Salary Scales have recently been increased. Apply in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

ASSISTANT Keepers: Royal Scottish Museum. Two Pensionable posts in Edinburgh for men or women at least 21 on 1.8.59. One post is in Department of Natural History, for detailed work in bird and insect collections, maintaining study collections, and arranging exhibitions. The other post is in the Department of Geology to deal with important mineral collections and for specialist work in mineralogy or petrology. 1st or 2nd class honours degree in zoology or geology (as appropriate), or acceptable equivalent, essential. Experience in mineralogy or petrology desirable for the Geology post. Men's salary scales £1,185–£1,865 or £635–£905, according to age, qualifications and experience. On lower scale starting salary may be above minimum. Candidates over 30 considered for direct appointment on higher scale. Promotion prospects. Write Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh 1, for application form. Closing date 11 Sept. 1959.

FILMS. An idea this morning can be a film this afternoon. Have you served your apprenticeship as writer/director/producer in documentary films or factual television programmes, and are now looking for an opportunity to develop your talents? Here is a job which involves writing and controlling the production of television programmes on film for all parts of the world on themes of national importance. Whilst visual imagination is obviously called for, an editorial ability (in the literary sense) is just as important – you must be able to grasp the basic information themes and present them clearly and convincingly. You would join a team of young people who find the work challenging and rewarding. The salary is around £1,150. Apply PE.464, Ministry of Labour & National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Only those persons selected for interview will be advised of the result.

CENTRAL Office of Information: The Social Survey Division req. an Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). Duties are to carry out field training of interviewers and to supervise field work under guidance. Applicants must have experience of interviewing on a wide range of survey enquiries or hold a suitable qualification in the social work or social research field and be fully mobile and free to travel to any part of the country at short notice. Salary according to age, quals, & exp., rising to £1,085 (men); £1,038 (women). Write giving age, full details of quals and exp., to Manager (PE.279), Min. of Labour & National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, London, EC4. Only applicants selected for interview will be advised of result.

ADMINISTRATIVE Director required for social research unit. Starting salary £1,000 p.a. Responsible general administration of office and financial control including PAYE. Advantage if also interested in statistics. Send for application form before 1 September to Institute of Community Studies, University House, Bethnal Green, E2

RESEARCH Assistant (Biochemistry) required 1 September for Rheumatism Dept, Hammersmith Hospital. The successful applicant would take part in fatty acid analysis & gas phase chromatography & other procedures. Apply Dr A. St J. Dixon, Post-Graduate Medical School, Ducane Rd, W12.

MADRID-Mangold Institute, 4,000 pupils, 80 teachers, requires 1 September, energetic, straightforward man to train and control teachers of English in modern methods, including audio-visual aids. Qualifications: age 35-45; wide experience of teaching English to foreigners; knowledge of Spanish; prepared to remain at least three years; if married, wife must be able to teach part-time. Adequate salary assured. Apply: Director.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist required for French and Italian Departments at University College, London (Gower St, WC1). Good knowledge of the languages essential. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SHORTHAND typist wanted for London national daily newspaper. Interesting work, good salary. Box 10427.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST Nicholas Hospital Management Committee, St Nicholas Hospital, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne 3. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the above Hospital, Whitley Council salary scales and conditions of service. Duties will include work in connection with the Mental Hospital and Out-Patient Clinics. Clerical assistance and use of hospital car available. Candidates must hold a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. The Senior Psychiatric Social Worker is Miss M. R. Lumsden, who will be glad to give further information or arrange for a preliminary visit. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secrtary.

ST Hilda's College, Oxford. For early September, Head Lady Cook, IMA trained and experienced. For particulars apply to the Bursar, to whom applications for the post, when completed, should be returned.

USA (one hour from New York). Arts Graduate required for one or two years to prepare two boys aged 10 and 12 for common entrance examination to English Public Schools. Must have experience of general teaching. Teaching diploma preferred. Evidence of success in this type work required. Broad sympathies and interests. Adaptable personality. References of character and qualifications will be checked before interview in London on 21-23 August. Single. Good salary, passage. Reply to Mme Heuten, 12 chaussee de Tamise, Strombeek, Brussels, Belgium.

SPANISH copy-typist required by international organisation in London. Accurate copy-typing in Spanish and some English. Previous experience essential. British nationality not necessary. Salary according to age and qualifications. 5-day week; 3 weeks' holiday; luncheon vouchers; offices in central West End. Apply: Personnel Officer, International Tin Council, Haymarket House, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

CLERK/Typist required for international organisation in London. Good arithmetic essential. Typing of invoices required. Knowledge of elementary book-keeping an advantage. Age 20-30. Salary according to age and experience. 5-day week; 3 weeks' holiday; luncheon vouchers; offices in central West End. Apply: Personnel Officer, International Tin Council, Haymarket House, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. Tel. MUS 7379.

PARIS-Monaco. General able cook. British business couple, interview London 28-29 August. Box 10389.

AUTHOR, Hampstead area, requires secretary with literary ability. Very fast shorthand and typing essential. High salary for suitable applicant. Box 10300.

DIRECTORS need able office staff (m. or f.). Please consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman MA, excellent French, some Spanish, secretarial training, seeks post, prospects. Box 10415.

YOUNG lady, vegetarian, pacifist, seeks work in market garden, nursery or farming community, south or west. No experience but ready to learn. Box 10456.

RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
Education Committee
BRUNEL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3
RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Applications are invited for a RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP (value £285 p.a. to £400 p.a., according to residence), tenable as from 1 September 1959 or as soon as possible.

Applicants should hold a good Honours Degree in Chemistry or Biology or Physics or Mathematics or Psychology or the Social Sciences and should be qualified to undertake research in one of these fields. Applications from candidates taking a degree this summer would be considered. Preference will be given to graduates qualified to work for a Higher Degree of a University.

The Studentship will be awarded in the first instance for one year, but subject to satisfactory progress may be renewed on an annual basis.

The award will be increased by £100 to £200 where the successful candidate has spent at least two post-graduate years in an approved professional capacity in industry and has reached the age of 23 or 25 years.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal and should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

C. E. GURR, MSc, PhD,
Secretary to the Education Committee.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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NON-Fiction Books. If you have books to sell, buy or exchange you will be interested in the Aladdin Book Club. Write 4 Howard St, Rishton, Blackburn.

READ 'Left Bank This Month', new English language magazine by, about, for LQ Paris, Beatniks, Expatriates of the Generation. See Holiday Travel column.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

IN 2nd-floor mews flat off Knightsbridge, a small furn. bedroom & sitting-room (own 'phone) to let to business lady; use kitchen & bathroom. Box 10274.

PARLIAMENT Hill Fields, near Heath, tube, buses. Well-furnished single divan rooms, some with basins. Use phone. From £2 10s. GUL. 6904.

PENTHOUSE flat, in quiet house. B/s., kit., din. rm, bath, gas heating & cooking. Twin divan beds. £4. BAL. 1682.

GOLDERS Green. Attractive divan room, furn., all amenities, close trans, shops, garage. Suit prof. lady. Part-serv. Box 10350.

FURNISHED room, secluded part WC1, use kit., bathroom, phone, garden. 3 gns excl. Phone: COV. 0754.

LARGE pretty room overlkg Square, NW1. Cheap free exch. occas. help 4 students. All arr. to suit right person. Box 10386.

THIRD person to join group sharing spacious flat. Box 10346.

HIGHBURY, easy reach City, West End. Dble bedroom, sitting rm, kitchen/din. rm. Own meters. Quiet, friendly. 2-3 bus/prof. persons. £4 15s. p.w. Refs. CAN. 7381.

NR. Belsize Park Stn. Very beautiful, large single b/s room. PRImrose 0483.

DIVAN room with some cooking facilities in graduate's house. £2 p.w. CAN. 2143.

GROUND floor room available, Kensington. Suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns. weekly. Box 10206.

SMALL balcony room to let, 4d bus City & West End. TER. 6873.

COMF. furn. room in prof. man's Bayswater mansion flat, c.h.w., use bathroom, good cookg fac., own gas meter, ample cupboard space, central trans. 4 gns. BAY. 1439.

BRIGHT sunny room with breakfast and all amenities. W/loo. 10 mins. VAN. 5478.

BLOOMSBURY. Furn. flat 4 gns. 3 rms, own bath, suit 2. Box 10252.

OFF Sloane Square – Flatlet in Georgian house comfortably furnished for one, possibly two. Kitchen-bathroom, bed-sitter opening on to garden – £90 a month incl. light, gas, heating, c.h.w., cleaning. Tel. quarterly rental 50s. Box No. 10338 or Sloane 6729.

FURN. flat Dr's house, share bathroom, 90s. Sgle rm 40s. N. London. Box 10375.

PROF. woman to share pleasant flat, conv. situated. Evens & w/ends. MAI. 3842.

BED-sit-rm, part-board, vacant end August, London N3. Male over 30. 4½ gns. Family agnostic. Music enjoyed. Box 10403.

HOLLAND Park. Pleasant furn. flatlet available 8 September. Suitable married couple. 4½ gns. p.w. References. PARk 0083.

KEW Gardens. Large furn. b/s. room. Musical person (m.) preferred. Box 10376.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SEASIDE cottage, artists' village Suffolk. All-electric, sleep 5/6, from 14 Sept. 8 gns wkly. PRI. 2092.

HOLIDAY Cottage, 1 mile sea, Pembrokeshire. Vacant from 29 August. Sleep 5/6. 6 gns. p.w. incl. electric. Box 10384.

FLAT, suitable young couple, linen, etc., near Weybridge, 10 mins main railway. £5 weekly. Box 10253.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WOMAN Socialist seeks flatlet/flat, furnished/unfurnished. Hackney. Freedom essential. Careful tenant. Box 10226.

WOMAN teacher reqs room & kitchen from 1 Sept. Earls Court. Box 10349.

SINGLE divan room, ckg facilities, NW area. Telephone. Business lady. Box 10362.

CHEAP single and double rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Blaber, Royal College of Art, SW7.

CAMBRIDGE graduate couple, English/Jamaican, seeking s/c furn. flat, 2 bedrooms. In or nr City. 7 gns max. Box 10397.

FLAT reqd. Single man SE London, Dartford Loop line area. Box 10455.

TEACHER (f.) reqs un- or part-furnished flat London. Can exchange similar Birmingham. Box 10277.

FLATLET or b/s. in Bloomsbury wanted by young woman teacher. Box 10412.

POTTERS Bar. B/s./small flat wtd Sept. by young schoolmistress. Erith, Rockels, Duddenhoe End, Saffron Walden, Essex.

BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Tel. COVent Garden 1066.

THE ROYAL BALLET

Evenings 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15.

24 Aug. — A Blue Rose, Blood Wedding, Ballet Imperial
25 Aug. — Ballet Imperial, The Burrow, Mam'zelle Angot
26 & 29 Aug. — Sylvia
27 Aug. — Blood Wedding, Rinaldo and Armida, Pineapple Poll
28 Aug. — Le Lac des Cygnes

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr 2.30, Sun. 4. 5th week, 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats, Thurs. 2.30. Vivien Leigh, Anthony Quayle, Max Adrian, Robert Stephens, Meriel Forbes, George Devine in 'Look after Lulu!' by Noel Coward.

UNITY. EUS 5391. 'Take it as Red'. A new revue. Fr., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s. 6d., at Hall (KEN 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 23 Aug. Chaplin in 'A King in New York' (U) (1957) and 'Oh, What a Night!' (U) (1914). From 24 Aug. de Funes in 'Vive Monsieur Blaireau' U) 'Between the Tides' (U) 'Ferdinand the Bull' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 23 Aug., 7 days. Claude Laydu. 'The Price of Love' (X). Louis de Funes, 'Vive Monsieur Blaireau' (U).

SUNDAY Films in colour - Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise in French with English sub-titles, 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' - Boishoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints). Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Sculpture by Gudrun Krueger. Paintings by Maurice Jadot, Klaus J. Fischer, Fritz Rouff. 26 August-12 September. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

ST George's Gallery Prints, Contemporary British Print Makers No. 2. 29 July-29 August inclusive. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Ettore Colla, Iron Sculpture. Preview for members and their guests, Wednesday, 26 August, 6 p.m.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition - Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II. Artists of Fame and Promise. A New Exhibition. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters - Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Richards Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries House Exhibition II inc. Yeats, Hitchens, Rouault, Hilton, Zack, Frost, Adler, Heron, Alva, Wynter, Hayden, Wells, Bell. 2 Cork St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture & drawings 1948-1959. Weekdays 11-6; Suns 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adj. Aldgate E. Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings - Patrick Betaudier, Nina Hosali, Malcolm Betts. 17 Aug. to 5 Sept. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFRICA SAYS "NO" TO
FRENCH NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS
Sunday, 30 August
MASS DEMONSTRATION
TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE
Friday, 28 August
POSTER PARADE 8 A.M.-6 P.M.
at French Embassy
58 Knightsbridge, SW1
Speak Out Against Nuclear Madness
Organised by: Committee of African Organisations, 200 Gower Street, NW1. EUS. 2763

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Peter Archer 'The Magistrate', Wed. 26 Aug. 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Vis 2s. 6d.

NEW Jewish Soc. Debate: That the worst enemy of the Labour Party is the working class. Wed., 26 Aug., 8 p.m. Simon Marks Rm, Bedford Hse, 108, Baker St, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 29 August at 6 p.m. Mme. A. Lavers: Les institutions françaises.

SOCIAL Ills and Their Reform', Public Lect. Sun., 23 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD. 0688).

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FULL-TIME COURSE FOR THE B.SC. (ECON.) DEGREE OF LONDON UNIVERSITY

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Entrance requirements are:—
(a) GCE passes in any five subjects of which at least two must be at Advanced level, or
(b) GCE passes in any four subjects, of which at least three must be at Advanced level.

AUTUMN weekends at Urchfont Manor: 25-27 Sept. Ingmar Bergman and the Swedish Cinema; 9-11 Oct. The Structure and Origin of the Universe. Cost £2 5s. Details from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

IF You Like Writing you can learn to sell what you write through ICS Home Study. Apply for Free book to International Correspondence Schools, 71 Kingsway, Dept SS.2A, London, WC2.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Revised Brochure. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Conversations, private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses, Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

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CHINESE. Japanese conv./'O' 'A' level, evng intensive courses by Mr Li. MOU. 2615.

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KEN. 8881-4.

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FLA. 4045/4601.

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, flamenco. Any period to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

EDINBURGH Club facits facing Castle: International House, 127 Princes Street.

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KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, Tel. 508.

GLORIOUS Devon. For late hols try Bossell Guest House, Buckfastleigh. Ideal touring, walking, fishing, relaxation. Tel. 3294.

BOOK Now for mid-Sept. & Oct. at this small, friendly hotel in best sea-front pos. Recom. by readers and others. Simple vegtn fare if desired. From 7 gns., fully inclusive. Inexpensive upper flr rooms. No gratuities. Slumberlands; h. & c.; 2 lounges. Illus. broch. free. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

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COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. in simple country house in lovely valley, 8 gns. wkly. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

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